

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB. 1, 1881.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1897.

NO. 88.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Setting Up a Standard.

There is a standard of everything—

A STANDARD OF VALUE.
A STANDARD OF MERIT.
A STANDARD OF STYLE.

THE STANDARD CARPETS are those we handle.

NO BETTER GRADES were ever shown.

NO BETTER VALUES were ever offered.

NO BETTER PRICES were ever made. We make it to your

interest to buy now.

Special Couch Sale

THIS WEEK—

CORDUROY (with or without box).....\$12.50, \$13.50, \$15.20
LEATHER, full size.....\$18, \$20, \$25.

Oriental Rug Sale

NOW IN PROGRESS.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

LEXINGTON, KY.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.

Lv Louisville..... 8:30am 6:00pm
Ar Lexington..... 11:55am 8:40pm
Lv Lexington..... 11:25am 8:30am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester..... 11:35am 8:25pm 5:15am 5:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling..... 12:25pm 9:50pm 5:50am 7:05pm
Ar Washington..... 6:55am 3:40pm
Ar Philadelphia..... 10:15am 7:05pm
Ar New York..... 12:40pm 5:05pm

WEST BOUND.

Ar Winchester..... 7:30am 4:50pm 6:55am 2:50pm
Ar Lexington..... 8:00am 5:20pm 7:35am 3:45pm
Ar Frankfort..... 9:11am 6:30pm
Ar Shelbyville..... 10:01am 7:20pm
Ar Louisville..... 11:00am 8:15pm

Trains marked thus † run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.

Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on

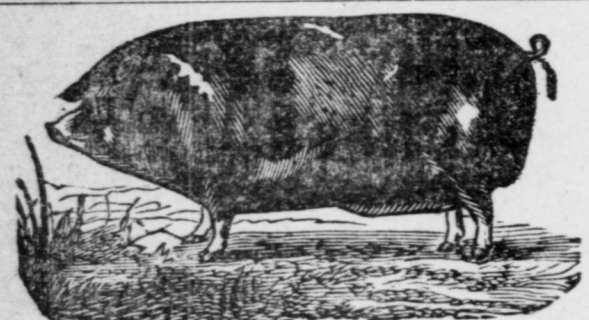
F. B. CARR,
Agent L. & N. R. R.

or, GEORGE W. BARNEY, Paris, Ky.
Div. Pass Agent,
Lexington, Ky.

H. A. SMITH, DENTIST.

Office over G. S. Varden & Co.

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m.



Poland China Hogs. FOR SALE.

One male pig and three gilts of same litter. Eligible to register.

Good individuals, and of best strains of blood—five months old; weight 185 pounds. Call on, or address

GEORGE CLAYTON,
HUTCHISON, KY.

W. O. HINTON, Agent,

Fire, Wind and Storm Insurance.

THE VERY BEST.
OLD, RELIABLE, PROMPT-
PAYING.

NON-UNION.

BLUEGRASS NURSERIES FALL 1897.

Full stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Asparagus, and every thing for Orchard, Lawn and Garden.

We have no Agents, but sell direct to the planter, saving enormous commissions. Catalogue on application to

H. F. HILLENMEYER,
LEXINGTON, KY.

Consider the Quality

In buying your children's School Shoes. New Fall stock now arriving. Low prices, but quality good.

RION & CLAY.

Cheap Pianos

built on the patchwork plan, cases made at one place, works at another, then thrown together by a self-styled "manufacturer," are offered daily at prices so ridiculous, as to convince any intelligent person of their utter worthlessness. In marked contrast are our

Low Priced Pianos

which are remarkable for tone, touch, finish and durability as well as price. Come and hear them, and investigate not only the instruments but also our plan of easy payments.

Ernest Urchs & Co.

121 and 123 West Fourth Street,
CINCINNATI.

Sole Steinway Representatives.

BOURBON FISCAL COURT ORDER.

It is ordered that an election be held at the several voting precincts of Bourbon county, at the next regular November election, 1897, to take the sense of the legal voters of said county shall issue bonds not exceeding the sum of \$50,000 for the purchase and maintenance of the turnpike roads in said county free of toll to the traveling public. It is therefore ordered that a poll be opened in each of said voting precincts in said county and the Sheriff of said county is hereby directed to advertise said election and the object thereof for at least thirty days next before the day thereof in some newspaper having the largest circulation in the county and also by printed hand bills posted up at not less than four public places in each voting precinct in the county and at the Court House door.

ED. D. PATON, C. B. C. C.

By virtue of the above order I will at the next regular November election, 1897, open a poll at each of the voting places in Bourbon county to take the sense of the legal voters of said county as to whether they will issue bonds not exceeding the sum of \$50,000, for the purchase and maintenance of the turnpike roads in said county free of toll to the traveling public.

E. T. BEEDING, S. B. C.

A DESIRABLE FARM At Private Sale!

A desirable farm, containing
90 Acres,
SITUATED ON THE
GUMMINS & HAWKINS TURNPIKE, 8 MILES
WEST OF PARIS,

is offered at private sale on easy terms. The farm is in a good state of cultivation; well watered for man or beast even in this dry time; is well improved with new dwelling (six rooms and hall), necessary out buildings, including an excellent frame tobacco barn sufficient to house 14 acres of tobacco; a great abundance of locust timber.

Mr. Jos. H. Hawkins, who lives near the farm, or Mr. Connor, who lives on it, will take pleasure in showing it to purchasers.

TERMS.—One-third cash, balance in one and two years, with interest from date.

J. Q. WARD,

Attorney in fact
For E. M. Hildreth,

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The 'Burg.

Col. Wm. Green, of the L. & N., spent Sunday here with friends.

McIntyre & McClintock shipped a car of extra good hogs to Cincinnati, Friday.

Mr. S. C. Allen of Sharpesburg, was the guest of his brother J. G. Allen, Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Overbey, of Winchester, was the guest of his son, Harry, Friday and Saturday.

Miss May Turner returned Saturday from an extended visit with relatives in old Virginia.

Mr. Henry Bethards was in town last week for the first time after several month's illness.

Jas. T. McClelland left Friday for Atlanta to attend the sale of horses shipped last week.

Misses Jennie M. and Bessie Purnell went to Paris Saturday to visit relatives for several days.

Mrs. C. B. Smith and daughter returned Friday from a visit to Eminence and other points.

Mr. Wm. Carpenter will move into the Lyle property, adjoining Jas. Warford's, this week.

Rev. U. W. Darlington, of Washington, was the guest of Miss Carrie Current last week.

McClelland Bros. sold an extra fine road mare last week to Patterson & Jewell, of Lexington.

Mrs. T. P. Wadell and little daughter, Agnes, arrived home Friday from a visit in Nelson county.

Mr. Chas. Hook, of Augusta, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Jas. A. Butler and brother Stephen Hook.

Mrs. Jno. Grimes and daughter, Miss Mary, returned from a visit to relatives in Louisville and Bardstown.

Miss Lizzie Brown, of Cynthiana, was the guest of Mrs. Hettie Brown and Mrs. Pollock, near town last week.

Mr. J. Smith Clark and wife will move into the Woolums residence today—soon after the polls are opened.

Mrs. Sam'l Dodson and daughter, Miss Ida visited Wm. Dodson and wife in Paris from Saturday until yesterday.

G. W. Bryan has withdrawn from the race for Police Judge and John Hunter as candidate for Constable of this place.

Misses Lelia McClintock, Bessie Redmon and several young men from here, attended the rabbit hunt near Moore's field, Friday.

Mr. Jno. Jameson, of the Raven, was complimented as one of the party of Republicans, to make the trip to Covington and other points Friday on the Campaign train.

Mrs. Jennie Burdine, a well known lady who formerly lived here, was married in Covington last Thursday to Mr. J. D. Cobb, a well known tobacco dealer of Corinth, Grant county.

Dr. C. B. Smith, Layson Tarr, Banks Neal, Zene Flaugher and Chas. Clarke, Jr., the last of the Rockcastle fishing party, returned Friday. Peed, Smith and several others claim to have gained from 10 to 20 pounds.

Hon. Jas. M. Thomas, Hon. J. T. Hinton, Wm. Purnell, Ed. Paton, Geo. W. Bowen, Denis Dundon, W. C. Jones, Jas. Burke, Ben Perry, Capt. T. E. Moore, June Payne, Geo. W. Stivers, N. A. Moore and A. J. Gorey were among the number who attended the speaking and hand shaking here Saturday with our voters.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—11:16 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:15 p. m.
From Lexington—4:39 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:39 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—4:35 a. m.; 7:42 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.
From Maysville—7:48 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—4:45 a. m.; 7:55 a. m.; 3:46 p. m.
To Lexington—7:55 a. m.; 11:27 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:21 p. m.
To Richmond—11:35 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:25 p. m.
To Maysville—7:55 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.
F. B. CARR, Agent.

PATENTS U. S. AND FOREIGN PROCURED.

EUGENE W. JOHNSON,

SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY IN PATENT CAUSES.

1729 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.
Office established 1868. Charges moderate.
Correspondence Requested.
(2mar-1jan98)

M. H. DAILEY, DENTIST.

602 MAIN ST. - - - PARIS, KY.
[Over Deposit Bank.]

Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 6 p. m.

Money To Loan.

I have from One Thousand to Fifteen Hundred Dollars to loan on first mortgage at eight per cent per annum.

HARMON STITT.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.



"FORGET-ME-NOTS"—"A JOLLY NIGHT."

That beautiful, touching and pathetic little story entitled "Forget-Me-Not," which will be presented as a prelude to that immensely funny farce, "A Jolly Night," at the Opera House to-night is one of the most sublime one-act curtain raisers ever written. It appeals to all that is noble and best, and when Jack Seymour, a young Virginian of dissipated habits, opens a letter in a foreign land from his old mother, and finds a little bunch of withered forget-me-nots he becomes a man again, when a moment before he was coward enough to place a pistol against his temple with the intention of ending his life. The situation depicted is founded on fact, and in Virginia to day there resides a man now old, honored and feeble, whose life was saved by the timely arrival of a little bunch of withered forget-me-nots.

"DEVIL'S AUCTION."

Manager Chas. H. Yale of the "Forever Devil's Auction," which has ever been noted for its clever "specialty" features, has fairly outdone himself in this season's production of that famous show-piece, and offers as new novelties the following: Colby and DeWitt, comic acrobats in "The Organ Grinder and the Monkey," the Phantom-Aerial Grotesques, Mlle. Flora, the Tough Girl on the Wire, Brown and Harrison, comedy farceurs, Mayme Mayo, a bright and clever singer, dancer and banjoist and Harry M. Brown, in a novel single specialty. These special features, combined with all the other novelties contained in the "Devil's Auction" will certainly prove a "feast of Pleasure" to those interested. It will be presented at the Grand, in this city, Friday night.

"The Great Train Robbery" performance Friday night at the Grand drew considerable applause from a packed gallery but bored a small crowd in the parquet and dress circle. The play well mounted and furnished a number of dramatic incidents which a large cast failed to bring out properly. Besides the named persons on the program the company includes four Indians and a brown bear, and many persons considered the bear the best actor in the company.

Miss Eva Wescott, a member of the "Darkest Russia" company, whipped the town dog catcher of Kansas City and recovered possession of her St. Bernard pup, which the dog catcher had nabbed.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, recently preached a sermon to the convicts in the Massachusetts State prison.

John Fox, Jr., will give a reading at Shelbyville Saturday evening, and at Morrison Chapel, Lexington.

The Wilbur Opera Company will play in Lexington all next week.

Bob Fitzsimmons has joined the Elk Lodge, at Marion, Ind.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

ALL persons having claims against the assigned estate of H. Margolen are requested to present them at once properly proven as required by law, to the undersigned, in Paris, Ky. Those knowing themselves indebted to H. Margolen are requested to pay promptly and thereby avoid court cost.

LOUIS SALOSHIN,

Assignee.

HARMON STITT, Attorney.

(11my)

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of T. H. Tarr are hereby notified to present same at once, properly proven to the undersigned or same may be barred by law.

T. E. ASHBROOK,

Assignee of T. H. Tarr.
MANN & ASHBROOK, Atty's. (22je)

Fall Suitings

And Overcoats

Of the best of material and best of trimmings, at a reduction, on or before November 20th.

Will make you a fine Business Suit for \$25.00 and up, with as fine trimmings as any first-class house would give you on their \$40.00 or \$50.00 suits.

Call and see what kind of an Overcoat we will make you for, from \$28.00 to \$40.00, with the very best of trimmings and material that can be had. Call and examine Overcoatings and trimmings, and be convinced.

PANTS—We will make you the finest for \$12.00 that can be had anywhere, but we make Pants from \$5.00 to \$12.00.

We will give you the best of make, and by Union Labor.

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.,

H. S. STOUT, Manager.

New Buggy Company!

Having purchased John Glenn's carriage works and repository, on corner of Fourth and High Streets, Paris, Ky., we are now prepared to do all kinds of repairing, painting and trimming of vehicles, such as carriages, buggies, etc. We also keep on hand a select line of new

BUGGIES, BAROUCHES, SURRIES,

—everything in the vehicle line. The public is invited to inspect our stock and compare our prices. We have engaged experienced, expert workmen to do our work and insure satisfaction, and guarantee all jobs to be first-class.

Call and see us. Prompt attention to all orders.

J. H. Haggard Buggy Company

HIGH ST., COR. FOURTH, - - - - - PARIS, KY.

Winchester MEANS PERFECTION WHEN APPLIED TO REPEATING RIFLES AND ALL KINDS OF SINGLE SHOT RIFLES AMMUNITION

Pronounced by Experts the Standard of the World. Ask your dealer for WINCHESTER make of Gun or Ammunition and take no other.

FREE!—Our new Illustrated Catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Ct.

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - - - - - Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale by W. T. Brooks, Druggist.

THE SUN.

The first of American Newspapers, CHAS. A. DANA, Editor

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.

Daily, by mail - - \$6 a year
Daily & Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.
Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$3 a year.
Address THE SUN, New York.

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI RY.

In Effect March 1, 1897.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

EAST BOUND.			
Lve Frankfort.....	6:30am	5:30pm	
Ar Elkhorn.....	6:48am	5:48pm	
Ar Elkhorn.....	6:51am	5:51pm	
Ar Stamping Ground.....	7:02am	6:02pm	
Ar Duvalis.....	7:08am	6:08pm	
Ar Georgetown.....	7:20am	6:20pm	
Lve Georgetown.....	8:12am	6:43pm	
Ar Newtown.....	8:40am	6:49pm	
Ar Centerville.....	8:52am	6:52pm	
Ar Elkhorn.....	8:50am	6:50pm	

WEST BOUND.			
Lve Paris.....	9:20am	5:30pm	
Ar Elkhorn.....	9:22am	5:45pm	
Ar Centerville.....	9:38am	5:49pm	
Ar Newtown.....	9:48am	5:54pm	
Lve Georgetown.....	10:00am	6:10pm	
Ar Duvalis.....	10:08am	6:16pm	
Ar Stamping Ground.....	11:10am	6:42pm	
Ar Elkhorn.....	11:25am	7:04pm	
Ar Elkhorn.....	11:35am	7:14pm	
Ar Elkhorn.....	11:55am	7:25pm	

GENO. B. HARPER, C. D. BERCAW,
Gen'l Supt., Gen'l Pass. Agt.
FRANKFORT, KY.

DIED SUDDENLY.

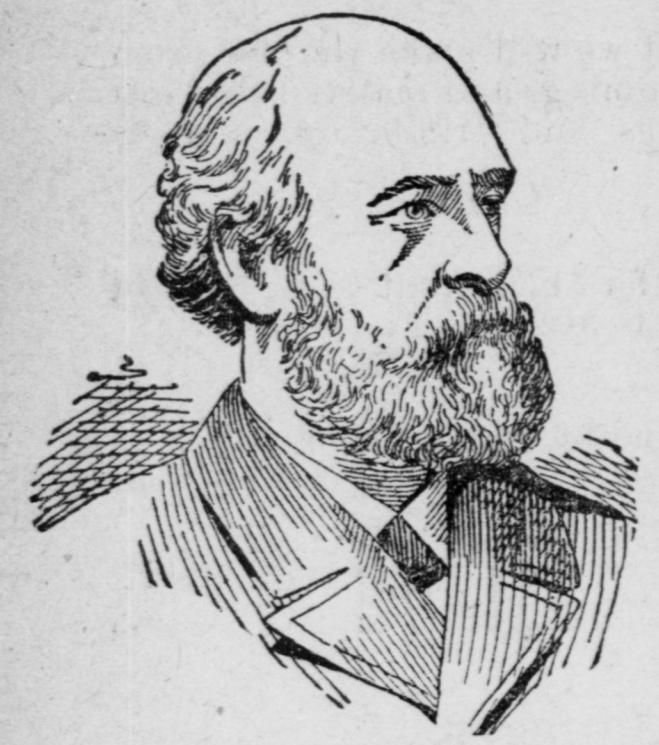
Apoplexy Carries Off Henry George, Single Tax Advocate,

And Candidate of the Jefferson Democracy for Mayor of New York.

The Strain of the Campaign Too Much—His Demise Will Change the Whole Political Situation—George's Son Named to Take His Place.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Henry George, the candidate of the Jeffersonian democracy for mayor of greater New York, died in the Union Square hotel at 4:45 o'clock Friday morning. Death is supposed to be due to apoplexy.

Mr. George arrived at the hotel about one o'clock Friday morning. He had just come from several large meetings in the borough of Queens and Brooklyn. The work of the night seemed to have told on him. He complained of being tired, but his friends and relatives who awaited him thought it only the natural fatigue that follows such hard campaign work as Mr. George had been doing.



HENRY GEORGE.

Not long after reaching the hotel he retired. Mrs. George awaited him in Room 22 of the hotel. It was about 3:30 o'clock when Mrs. George was awakened. She found Mr. George sitting in an arm chair.

"I am not feeling quite comfortable," said Mr. George to his wife.

"Won't you go back to bed?" inquired Mrs. George, anxiously.

"I will sit here awhile," was the answer.

Mrs. George at once grew anxious as to her husband's condition. Mr. George gradually grew incoherent and lapsed into semi-consciousness.

Mrs. George was now thoroughly alarmed and called her son, Henry George, jr., from an adjoining room. Frank Stevens was also called in.

Mr. George was now unconscious.

A call was sent to Dr. Kelly, of 117 East Fifty-ninth street, and he came without delay.

Mr. George was still unconscious. All efforts to revive him failed. Without sign of recognition to those around him he passed peacefully away at 4:45 o'clock.

Mrs. George was prostrated and was cared for by the friends of the family at the hotel.

Tom Johnson was immediately sent for and arrived at the hotel at 5:10 o'clock. He announced that a meeting of the George leaders would be held at the Everett house at 11 o'clock Friday morning to determine upon the course of action.

Frank Stevens, a personal friend of Mr. George and one of his campaign managers, was at the candidate's bedside after the fatal attack came. He said Friday morning:

"I came into the Union Square hotel at 1 o'clock Friday morning and found Mrs. George sitting at a table in the dining room with a few friends. Mr. George had just returned from the Central opera house, where he had delivered a speech.

"After a light meal Mr. George complained of indigestion. He soon retired after bidding us all good night. Mrs. George found him sitting in an arm chair about 3:30 o'clock. Soon after his condition became alarming and she summoned several of us. I went at once for the doctor and on my way stopped at the Waldorf and notified Mr. Johnson. He was greatly shocked and lost no time in getting down to the Union Square hotel.

"I then went to Mr. George's residence on Ninety-second street, South Brooklyn, and notified the members of the family there. His son Richard and his unmarried daughter were there at the time. With them were two nieces of Mr. George's, daughters of his brother Thomas, who resides in Philadelphia."

C. I. Roskoph, one of the campaign managers, was at Union Square hotel early Friday morning. He said:

"The movements of the Jeffersonian democracy will go on as steadily as ever. Mr. George has said that should his election be not possible he preferred Mr. Low as next mayor. I believe the votes that would have gone to George will be thrown for Seth Low."

The election law of New York provides explicitly for the filling of vacancies whether caused by death, declination, or otherwise. It is required by law that with each list of candidates, whether nominated in convention or on petition, there shall be filed the names of one or more persons authorized to represent the convention or petitioners in such emergencies as may arise prior to the day of election, and these committees have authority to substitute a new name for that of any candidate dying or declining or being disqualified for any office for which the candidate is named. In the event of the nomination to fill a vacancy arising after the official ballots have been printed (which is probably the case now) pasters bearing the name of the new candidate are to be supplied as the regular ballots, these pasters, when placed upon the ballots, to have the same effect as though the name

they bear had been printed upon the ballots.

Newspaper men who have been a part of the George campaign have felt that he was undergoing a strain which was surely and rapidly breaking him down. At times he has been incoherent. His whole temperament underwent a complete change. His speeches, delivered by half dozen each day, were often rambling, though their trend was ever faithful to the tollers whose devoted champion he has been all his life.

Mrs. George and Henry George, jr., have been solicitous regarding the effect of the terrible strain of his being bundled about from place to place each day and during the night making speeches before wildly enthusiastic gatherings of his admirers, and it has been noted again and again that his faithful wife sat beside her husband on the platform from which he spoke or watched closely from a place of vantage close by.

Mr. George has not been strong for the past three years and his son, Henry George, jr., has been his companion in almost every enterprise in which he has engaged, going with him on his tours of the west as a special newspaper correspondent in the last presidential campaign, and keeping close at his side in his movements in the campaign.

Mr. Low, candidate for mayor of Greater New York on the citizens' union ticket, regarding Henry George's death, said:

"The sudden death of Mr. George under the stress of the campaign is a great tragedy. No soldier on the battlefield ever gave his life for his country more evidently than Mr. George has laid down his life in behalf of the city of New York."

The George headquarters was the center of political interest Friday. The executive committee met at three o'clock Friday afternoon to decide whether a successor shall be named in Mr. George's place.

The Thomas Jefferson democracy late Friday afternoon substituted the name of Henry George, jr., for the name of his father, Henry George, as candidate for mayor of Greater New York.

The body of Henry George will lie in state in the Grand Central Palace all day Sunday and Sunday evening the remains will be taken to the Brooklyn city hall, escorted by labor societies and other organizations.

Mr. George was an Episcopalian, but was not very regular in his attendance at church. His widow is a Catholic and it was often said that her husband intended to embrace Catholicism.

Gen. Tracy said Friday night: "I was greatly shocked at the news of Mr. George's death. I knew and esteemed him personally as a true, sincere and upright man and citizen. He was a man of earnest convictions and was courageous and able in upholding them. All must deplore his tragic and untimely death, and his family will have the sympathy of the whole community in their bereavement."

Chicago, Oct. 30.—Unless the death of Henry George causes a postponement, Henry George, jr., and Miss Marie Hitch, of Chicago, will be married on next Thanksgiving Day. Miss Hitch Friday received a telegram from Henry George, jr., notifying her of his father's death. She denied the report that Mr. George had asked for a postponement, and unless her fiancé should later make such a request, the ceremony will take place in Chicago on the date originally agreed upon.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—The newspapers Friday devoted much attention to the death of Henry George, publishing long sketches of his career and philosophical and economical theories.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Henry George was born at Philadelphia September 2, 1829. He received a common school education and then went into a counting room. He was also a sailor, and afterward learned the printer's trade. In 1858 he reached California, where he worked at the printer's case until 1866, when he became a reporter and afterward editor, working at different times on the San Francisco Times and Post. He returned to New York in 1880 and went to England and Ireland the following year, where he was twice arrested as a suspect, but afterwards released when his identity became established. Mr. George is best known to the world at large through his writings upon economic questions, notably his work entitled "Progress and Poverty," published in 1879. His other works are "Our Land and Land Policy," 1871; "Irish Land Question," 1881; "Social Problems," 1883; "Property in Land," a controversy with the duke of Argyll, 1884; "The Condition of Labor," an open letter to Pope Leo XIII., 1891; and a "Perplexed Philosopher" (Herbert Spencer), 1892. In 1896 Mr. George (then nominated by the United Labor party for mayor of New York, polling 68,000 votes, against 90,000 for Abram S. Hewitt, the democratic nominee and 90,000 for Theodore Roosevelt, now assistant secretary of the navy, republican). After his nomination for mayor by the Jeffersonian democracy a month ago, Mr. George made an extremely active canvass, speaking several times evening and working from early to late at his headquarters.

He gave to the campaign his most sensational incidents, its attacks on Richard Croker and Senator Platt, whom he threatened to prosecute for various crimes, such as levying blackmail upon city contractors and aspirants for office, should he be elected mayor. His candidacy gave to the coming election its greatest element of uncertainty, for, according to expert politicians, it was practically impossible to estimate how much of Bryan's vote of last year would go to George instead of Van Wyck.

The Gregory Will Contest.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Probate Judge Kohlsaat Friday rendered his decision in the Gregory will case in favor of the plaintiff, Martha Clynbourn. The contest over the million-dollar estate of Allen Gregory, "father of the stock yards," which has been in progress several days, proved a sensation. The plaintiff, Martha Clynbourn, sought to establish her rights as the widow of Allen Gregory, and did so through the evidence given by Mrs. Lillia Gregory, of Kansas City, a niece of the millionaire.

Fire in a Mine.

SCRANTON, Pa., Oct. 30.—Fire broke out 1:30 o'clock Saturday morning in the main slope of the Von Storch mine. An extra force of men was at work timbering in the mine. Some are now being hoisted up the shaft. It can not be learned at this hour whether any men will be imprisoned or not. City firemen are helping to fight the flames which are burning fiercely.

LYING IN STATE.

The Remains of Henry George Viewed by 30,000 People.

Floral Tributes Were Numerous—The Funeral Ceremonies Were Impressive, After Which the Remains Were Interred on Ocean Hill, Greenwood.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The body of Henry George lay in state Sunday in the Grand Central Palace and 30,000 people reverently passed the casket and looked upon the face of the dead philosopher. From 9 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon a stream of men, women and children poured into the hall.

The immense throng was composed of representatives of all classes of all shades of life, and all religious opinion. On every face was stamped the unmistakable signs of sincere regret, while hundreds of faces were drawn with suffering and pain. To thousands of those who passed by Henry George was personally known, and it was these who lingered for a longer moment to gaze again on the face of the man whom to know was to love.

Some of them wept. The children, of whom there were hundreds, were raised along by the guard and held up while they gazed at the features of the man who died fighting to brighten their lives.

In the early dawn the body was moved in a plain hearse from Union Square hotel to the Grand Central Palace, unattended save by the guards of honor and four policemen. Behind the hearse came a single carriage, Anna George, the youngest daughter, who insisted upon accompanying the body to the Grand Central Palace. No persuasion could sway her from her purpose.

Weeping bitterly, she stood at the head of the stairs at the hotel and begged to be permitted to go. She wished to arrange the flowers about the casket in which her father's remains reposed. Pleadings proving vain, she became importunate and refused to permit the body to be taken away unless she accompanied it. The other members of the family, their grief emphasized by the child's utter abandon of anguish, yielded, and Richard George, her brother, accompanied her to the palace. There, with loving hands, she arranged the flowers as she would have them, and permitted no one to render the slightest aid.

At 9 o'clock the doors opened and immediately several hundred persons who were in waiting without entered the hall with bowed heads. They saw at the head of the hall in an immense bower of floral tributes a plain, heavy black cloth-covered casket resting on a dais. Through the glass they saw the remains of the great man reposing calmly, his features unruffled as if in sleep. The left arm rested lightly on the breast, the other by the side. The remains were clad in black broadcloth, a turndown collar and a plain black tie.

For the first half hour the throng filing up the hall in twos passed at the rate of 1,500 an hour, but shortly the numbers swelled and grew until at one time 800 passed each minute. At this rate, 4,800 an hour, the crowd passed until the churches emptied their audiences into the vast concourse, which was winding its way down from Forty-sixth street to the Palace, and which filled Forty-sixth street and Third avenue for many blocks. For the last two hours the crowd came at the rate of 6,000 an hour. This is the highest rate obtainable under such circumstances as these. Any great ceremony would have meant an undignified, irreverent rush.

August Lewis, a prominent single taxer, wept bitterly as he passed by and tenderly laid a bunch of violets on the glass. A woman who followed in the line about an hour later placed a modest bunch of pinks beside the violets.

A little before 3 o'clock the line was stopped and those who could not get in were compelled to turn back and get out from the police lines. A careful estimate of the number who could not get in is 30,000. This number is equal to the number of those who passed the casket. Then another throng came—those who wished to hear the eminent clergyman praise Henry George. During the last hour an orchestra played Copin's funeral march, Handel's "Largo" and "The Lost Chord."

At the back of the platform, on a heavy crepe back ground, was a portrait of Henry George surrounded with American flags. At the front of the platform stood a bust of the fallen leader modeled by his son Richard. At the foot of the pedestal upon which the casket rested were numerous floral tributes, including a cross, from one arm of which hung a wreath of white and pink roses from Mr. and Mrs. Tom L. Johnson; a wreath of immortelles and pink orchids from Joseph Pulitzer; roses and chrysanthemums in a wreath, from John C. Milholland. On the card was written: "This to his memory, for I hold him dear. He was honest, he was brave and he loved the people." Chief McCullagh was in personal command of the police arrangements. There were 655 policemen on duty in the neighborhood and in the Palace. By the gentlemanly conduct of every patrolman it was possible to handle the great crowd without any disagreeable circumstances.

The crowd came down the avenue five deep and was passed through the halls in twos. Those going to the right passed across a bridge into the Grand Central station. Those who went to the left proceeded down a short flight of stairs into Dewey place.

Before 3 o'clock the people were permitted to occupy the seats in the hall. The front six rows in the main part of the auditorium were reserved for the family, the immediate friends of the deceased, the pall bearers and the ushers.

All the rest of the main floor was open to the crowd and it took but a short time to fill the hall.

The family and intimate friends occupied reserved seats on the right hand

facing the platform. Young Henry George occupied the chair next to the aisle in the front row and his mother was beside him. Mrs. George was heavily veiled when she entered the hall, but during the speaking she raised her veil and followed the remarks of each speaker attentively. While showing plainly the strain that she has passed through, Mrs. George maintained her composure with stern fortitude.

To the right of Mrs. George were seated the other members of the family and relatives, including Richard George, a son of the philosopher, and his daughter, Miss Anna George, John V. George, a brother of the deceased, and other relatives were present.

The honorary pallbearers, some of whom sat on the platform, included Mayor William T. Strong, of New York; Mayor Frederick W. Wurster, of Brooklyn; Willis J. Abbott, Albert L. Johnson, John P. Cranford, Charles W. Dayton, George Carey Eggleston, Horace White, Edward McHugh, Bolton Hall, John Milmer, Charles O'Connor, Hennessey, John Swinton, Lawson Purdy, John H. Girdner, A. Van Dusen, John R. Waters, M. R. Leverston, Frank Stephens and Robert Schalkenback.

The committee which had charge of the funeral arrangements included Brisbane Walker, Hamlin Garland, James Clarence Harvey and others who also acted as pallbearers.

The exercises began at 3:25 with the singing of the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," by the Plymouth church quartette. Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, who was Mr. George's warm personal friend as well as pastor, then read the burial service. Dr. Newton did not wear his priestly robes, and he had no reading desk. The service was therefore, in a way, entirely informal, there being also no responses. It was however, the regular burial service of the Episcopal church. The only music rendered in connection with it was the chanting of the Lord's prayer.

At the conclusion of the burial service Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott spoke briefly upon the character and public services of Henry George.

Rabbi Gottheil spoke next.

After another hymn by the choir, Rev. Dr. McGlynn spoke. Prior to his address the vast assemblage had preserved a church-like quiet, but the ringing words of Dr. McGlynn soon evoked an outburst of applause which could not be repressed. Dr. McGlynn said in part:

"The place where we meet here this afternoon is not one dedicated to religion or to the service of God, but has generally been used for purposes of recreation or amusement or of art. It has to-day been made sacred, and we meet here upon holy ground and stand ashen in the presence of a message directed to us from the throne of God. It is no ordinary message. That messenger of death has been brought to our hearts and the justice of his reasoning."

"He died in a struggle for the cause of humanity, especially that of New York, but it was altogether too small for his broad mind and indomitable energy."

"He was simply a seer, a prophet, a forerunner sent by God, and we can say in all reverence and in the words of the Scriptures, that 'There was a man sent from God whose name was John. He was sent to bear witness of the light.' I believe I am not guilty of profanation of the sacred Scriptures when I say there was a man sent from God and his name was Henry George."

"Henry George's gentle heart was ready to break because he saw that nothing came from the professors of the schools of political economy which could improve the condition of the people, because the limits of the knowledge of those economists was hardly to be considered within the bounds of science at all."

"Truly it was designed by providence to raise up such a man before the world to expose the fallacies of the justice of his reasoning. 'Wherever word has gone that Henry George is dead, his teachings live and his voice is heard though he lies still in death. His works have been read throughout the world and in every language known in the universe George speaks to all humanity to-day.'"

John S. Crosby, who has been one of the most active campaigners for Henry George, was the last speaker, and the only layman who spoke.

The last address was concluded shortly after five o'clock, and the meeting was dismissed, with directions from a member of the committee as to the manner of dismissal from the hall. Nearly all of those present took advantage of the opportunity to view the face of Henry George, and the march past his coffin was continued as it had been in progress during the day.

Simple private services were held at 10 o'clock Monday morning at the family residence. Revs. George and Lattimer, of Philadelphia, cousins of the deceased and both Episcopal clergymen, officiated.

The body was carried to Greenwood and interred in the family lot on Ocean Hill, looking on the Atlantic.

The Murderer Escaped.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 1.—Joseph Carozzo, an Italian, was shot and killed late Saturday night during a quarrel at Horsham, about four miles from this city. James Wheeler, colored, of Philadelphia, charged with the crime, was located in Philadelphia Sunday. Two detectives went to a second floor room to arrest him. He knocked them down and jumped from the window to the street. Two other detectives attempted to capture Wheeler, but he broke away and escaped under fire from the detectives.

Big Fire at Ludlow, Pa.

BRADFORD, Pa., Nov. 1.—A special from Ludlow, Pa., to the Era says the large tannery of John G. Curtiss, was totally destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon. For a time the town was threatened by the fire and a call for assistance was sent to Warren. The fire department of that place responded and arrived in time to prevent the fire from spreading to the town. The loss will not be less than \$150,000.

Thirty-Five New Fever Cases.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 1.—Board of health report: Cases of yellow fever Sunday, 35; deaths Sunday, 5; total cases of yellow fever to date, 1,510; total deaths from yellow fever to date, 183; total cases absolutely recovered, 745; total cases under treatment, 582.

The influenza has reappeared in Berlin and many persons have been attacked by it.

SEAL QUESTION.

Important Stage in the Conference Has Been Reached.

The Agreement Said to Be Acceptable to the United States and Russia—The Establishment of New Weather Stations in Important Centers.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—In reliable quarters it is stated that the conference between Russia, Japan and the United States now proceeding here in reference to sealing in the Behring sea and the North Pacific, has advanced to an important stage, and that a proposition has been reduced to writing, which, if accepted, will bring about a complete change in the sealing question. The proposition is said to be acceptable to the United States. It is understood to be acceptable similarly to the Russian delegates now here, but in view of the restrictions placed upon them by their credentials, it has been thought desirable to cable to St. Petersburg for final instructions. The Japanese delegates are understood to have felt at first that the proposition would not be in their interest, but on fuller conference Mr. Fujita determined to cable the substance of the proposition to his government, accompanying it with a recommendation of its acceptance. Little doubt is entertained that Russia will accept the proposition, and in view of Mr. Fujita's recommendation it is believed that Japan also will join in it. The greatest secrecy is preserved in all official quarters as to the nature of the proposition, and it is not officially admitted that any proposition has been made. From equally reliable sources it is understood that the proposition has a far-reaching scope, and provides for the material limitation or entire suspension of pelagic sealing, or sealing on the high seas. Such a decisive step, if agreed to by Russia, Japan and the United States would, it is understood, not involve any concerted move to menace the claims of Great Britain and Canada to the right of pelagic sealing on the high seas but would rather be a proposition expressive of the conclusions of the three most interested powers that, in the interests of humanity and the preservation of the seal herds of their respective governments, all nations, including Great Britain and her colony, Canada, should unite with Russia, the United States and Japan in such effective prevention of pelagic sealing on the high seas as will put an end to it and thereby secure the preservation of the seals.

Chief Moore, of the United States weather bureau, in his annual report to Secretary Wilson, calls for an appropriation of \$1,044,050 for the next fiscal year and says this will admit of the establishment and equipment of new stations in important centers of population. Establishment of stations in the southwestern part of the country, embracing Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and southern California, where storms frequently originate, is urged. An investigation has been made as to the influence of climate, season and weather on sunstroke and the conclusion reached that sunstroke becomes imminent during the summer months when the mean temperature of any one day, or of several successive days, equals or nearly equals the normal maximum temperature for the period. Twenty experimental kite-flying stations are contemplated this year, and confidence in the great value of the ultimate result is expressed.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—It is possible as a result of the change made in the leadership of the Marine band, the engagement of that organization to furnish music for the Chicago Horse show may fail. The contracts for this engagement, it is said, were made by Prof. Fanciulli, the retiring leader. He arranged the programme in co-operation with the officers of the Chicago show, and this programme, which has already been published, includes several numbers of Prof. Fanciulli's own compositions. It is now said to be doubtful whether the Chicago people will be content with the change in the personnel of the band which the department's action has brought about.

In order to escape further criticism at the hands of the labor organizations the navy department has laid down the rule that hereafter the Marine band shall not be allowed to play in any city where they might be regarded as competing with civilian bands. All of the bandmen have been enlisted with an understanding that they might eke out their slender pay as enlisted marines by playing outside engagements. Most of them are men of family who could not subsist upon a marines' pay, so that this order is expected to result in the refusal of most of the bandmen to reenlist, and in the case of the more noted musicians, in their buying their discharge, so that the future of the famous old Marine band is in doubt.

Distilleries Starting Up.

PEORIA, Ill., Oct. 29.—The distilling business here is beginning to take on its winter activity. The Monarch distillery started up Thursday at a daily capacity of 4,000 bushels, and the Atlas, the big anti-trust house, increased its capacity from 2,500 to 5,000 bushels. The Great Western, whose capacity has been increased during the summer to 10,000 bushels, will open up November 15. The large stock of spirits on hand is being rapidly reduced.

Diplomatic Support Only.

MADRID, Oct. 29.—It is understood that in the replies of the European governments Spain is given to understand that only diplomatic support will be given to her in the event of a rupture of peaceful relations with the United States. Some of the continental governments, especially Germany, are understood to expressly repudiate the validity of the Monroe doctrine.

Thanksgiving Day.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—President McKinley will issue his first Thanksgiving proclamation Friday. It will fix Thursday, November 25, as the date.

How to Cook.

Cooking is a fine art, which must be learned by study. Good books on the subject are necessary. Among the best now published is a little work containing four hundred recipes from the best authorities. It can be had free of cost by sending a stamp to the Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York.

ELIZA B. PARKER.

Her Mistake.

"Your wife doesn't seem to improve in health?"

"No; as fast as she gains strength, she uses it up, telling people what is the matter with her."—Chicago Record.

There is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 3¢ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

The girl in love who has a rival should keep an eye on her—and if the rival is a widow keep both eyes on her.—Chicago News.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

When some men have nothing else to do, they argue religion.—Washington Democrat.

Neuralgia is cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Use it. You'll see it.

The miner cannot hope to succeed unless he gets down to business.—Chicago News.

Old or new rheumatic pains Cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

A girl who thinks she is pretty, soon shows that she thinks so.—Washington Democrat.

Gatarrh in the Head

Suffered with It for Five Years, but Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"I had catarrh in my head and suffered with it for five years. I was also troubled with weakness. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it entirely cured the catarrh, built up my system and did me a great deal of good." W. E. MELLOWAY, Columbia, Missouri. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

TENNESSEE'S BEAUTY

Speaks for Her Self.

Pearl Ogen

Doyle's Station, Tenn.

Writes: Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine needs no commendation. It speaks for itself. It cures Liver Disorders and breaks up Biliousness and Bilious Colic. I think it is far better than "Theodore's Black Draught."

Menstrual Suppression.

This occurs in early womanhood, especially when the constitution is not strong. It may result from sudden exposure to cold, immersion of the hands and feet in cold water, sitting on the cold ground or damp grass, sedentary habits, confining occupations, continued standing on the feet, irregular hours and forcing the development of the mind. It is essential and most beneficial exercise in the open air most beneficial. The bowels should be moved at least once a day by small doses of Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine, and the restorative effects of Dr. Simmons' Squaw Vine Wine should be secured by taking regularly a dose three times a day for several weeks.

A. V. Beets

Colma, Tenn., writes: Have

used Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine for Sick Stomach, Loss of Flesh, Low Spirits. It also cures Liver Disease, Biliousness, Constipation, Bowels. It does not gripe, and takes less to operate on the system than either "Black Draught" or "Zellin's," and it has a more thorough and gentle effect, and leaves my system in better condition than either "Black Draught" or "Zellin's."

General Lassitude.

We are provided with five organs for keeping the blood pure; they are the skin, the kidneys, the liver, the lungs and the bowels. The blood becomes impure for one or two of two reasons:

First, something impure has been put into it; Second, the five excretory organs have not been sufficiently active. Owing to its complicated formation, the blood is liable to many morbid changes. If any of the organs just mentioned are not in perfect working order, so that impurities are retained, the blood becomes disordered and even diseased. When corrupted, its impurities are absorbed by the tissues, causing eruptions, fevers, lassitude and languor. For restoring the above organs to a healthy condition there is no medicine so effective as Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine.

A HOT TIME

THE FRESIDE SUPPLY CO., of Zanesville, Ohio, has decided to make AN EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER to the people of advertising and extending its business.

OUR NO. 11 GUN! AN AIR-TIGHT HEATING STOVE!!

Will be sold for 90 Days at the unheard of price of \$6.25!!

We do not ask you to buy a "pig in a poke." Send postal for our booklet containing full information and buy later when convinced that WE MEAN BUSINESS.

FRESIDE SUPPLY CO., ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

Write us NOW. If you don't, next time you think of it the paper containing this advertisement will have disappeared.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO

DOWN IN FAIRY DELL.

Little Dottie Daniels, wait a bit and tell all the pretty tales you heard down in fairy dell!

All the little whisperings and the trilling words

Gargled in the cricket's throat and the meadow bird's.

Tell us how the birds themselves know the days to sing.

Know the frosty winter days from the days of spring;

How the leaves of summertime, when the summer's old,

Turn from deepest green, my dear, to crimson and to gold.

Tell us how the angels come, tripping through the blue,

To tip their tiny dippers up brimming full of dew;

And how the dew showers look, twinkling from the skies,

When a body takes them in through a fairy's eyes.

Tell us, Dottie, did you see in your fairy grove

All the eerie little caves that the imps have got,

All the homes the bats have found, and the naughty moths

That lodge at night in people's eyes and tickle people's throats?

Did you see the spinning shop where the spider sits

And weaves his gauzy web about and knits and knits and knits—

See him wink his wicked eyes and lick his fuzzy jaws,

All because a butterfly was coming toward his claws?

What a host of pretty sights must have met your eyes,

When you dwelt in fairy dell under starry skies!

What delightful symphonies must have filled your ear

When you lay awake at night and listened, Dottie dear!

—Edwin T. Reed, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

[Copyright 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

He sat down and tried to collect his thoughts, but it was impossible. Half an hour went by. He heard the jury tramp through the hall, cross the veranda and go out at the gate. Then Matthews rapped on the door.

"Come in," said Whidby.

"Two undertakers are waitin' outside, sir," said the servant. "They both want the job. I tol' 'em I'd see you about it."

"Use your judgment; engage one of them. I can't attend to it." Whidby called to the old man as he was closing the door. "What was the verdict of the jury?" he asked.

"Met his death by the hand of some person unknown, sir. They called me back to open the windows, and I stayed."

"Ah, you remained in there?"

Matthews opened the door a little wider and stood in the opening. "Your name came up mighty often, sir, after you went out."

"My name? What did they say about me?"

"I didn't catch it all, sir, but the detective mentioned the stain on your hand and said it no doubt came from the sheet or from the curtain between the rooms. He said your explanation satisfied him, and that he did not believe a guilty man would wait for the police to come before he washed his hands and then do it right before 'em. It seems to me it would be foolish to mix you up in it, sir, even if you did know about the will."

"Will? What will are you talking about?" asked Whidby, abruptly.

"Why, master's will, sir. They must 'a' opened his desk an' got into his private papers, for they said there was a will makin' you heir to all the property. They seemed to think there was motive enough, but they couldn't fasten it on you."

"What else did you hear, Matthews?"

Whidby had turned pale, and was twisting his handkerchief tightly in his hands. "If one is to be suspected of murdering one's nearest relative in cold blood, it is a substantial comfort to know that there is not enough evidence to convict. Did you hear anything else?"

"Nothin' important, sir. There was a good deal said about a report that master was thinkin' about gettin' married, and that he would likely alter his will if he did. Mr. Soddingham mentioned that it had been talked of at the club, but that you had laughed at the report. They seemed to have found some of the young lady's letters with master's papers, and they appeared to point that way."

"I think I did deny the report at first," said Whidby, thoughtfully, "but I confess I had just begun to think my uncle was in love. She is a worthy young woman, but much too young for him, and was influenced by his wealth. Perhaps you had better go and speak to the undertaker. I suppose they will want to put up the coffin in here. I shall go upstairs and occupy the front room. I don't feel like going out; my head aches, and I don't seem to have my wits about me. I could not rest in my old room with the undertaker in the other."

CHAPTER III.

As Whidby ascended the stairs in the hall, Matthews admitted one of the undertakers and his assistants and showed them into Strong's room. Whidby went into the bedroom above, closed the door, threw himself on a lounge, and shut his eyes. In a few minutes he began to feel less nervous. A restful sensation stole over him, and he felt sleepy. Suddenly his mind reverted to what seemed a vague dream of the night before. Was it a dream, or could it have been reality? He sprang up, quivering all over with excitement, but the more he thought of it the more the memory evaded him, till in desperation he sat down on the lounge and buried his face in his hands. Just then he heard a step in the hall, and some one rapped on his door.

He rose and went to the door. It was Matthews.

"Col. Warrenton is downstairs, sir, and wants to see you."

"Send him up here," said Whidby. "I don't care to go down."

In a moment Col. Warrenton entered. He was a short, middle-aged man, with a red face and iron-gray hair. He put his silk hat on a table and gave Whidby his hand.

"I was dumfounded by the news," he said. "We are such good friends that I waived all ceremony and came right round."

"I'm glad you did, old man," returned Whidby. "Sit down, and excuse me if I am not entertaining. The truth is, I am badly broken up over this affair. Something is wrong with me; I am not myself at all."

The visitor's glance wandered aimlessly about the room in the silence that followed Whidby's remark. Then the colonel said:

"You need not tell me anything. I have heard all about it from Capt. Welsh. He and I have been intimate friends for years. You have not asked for my advice, but, I love you like a brother, and I don't want to see you run your head into trouble for the lack of a lawyer's opinion."

"Why do I need legal advice?" asked Whidby, nervously. "In what way? I don't understand."

The lawyer drew his chair nearer to the young man, who was seated on the lounge, and laid his hand on his knee. "Of course it is absurd to think of your being concerned in Strong's death, Alfred," he began; "but I am obliged, through the force of habit, to look at such affairs from a professional standpoint. I know you are innocent; but innocent men have been hanged before this, and I have seen men put on trial for murder with less circumstantial evidence against them than there is against you."

Whidby brushed back his disheveled hair with a quivering hand, and stared at his friend.

"You mean that I may yet be accused?"

"It all depends on Hendricks," the colonel interrupted. "He is the brightest man in his line in the world. If he gets on the track of the real criminal, you are all right, and not a soul will accuse you; but if his investigations should be confined to this house it might grow very unpleasant for you. It struck me that this view of the case might not occur to you, and that is the reason I am here. You see, it is well that I came of my own accord, for if you had sent for me it might have an ugly look."

The young man rose and began to walk to and fro across the room. "I am very much obliged," he sighed. "I never dreamed of being suspected. Matthews said that after I left the room during the inquest something was brought up about the blood stain on my hand and uncle's will; but that did not trouble me."

Col. Warrenton's glance followed his friend's form back and forth for a moment; then he said:

"Pardon me, my boy, but do you really know if you got the blood on your hand from the sheet, or from the portiere? Is your memory clear on that point?"

"No; I did not notice it till I started to wash my hands. In fact, the detective called my attention to it. I must have been very much excited, or I would have noticed a thing like that; but, old man, my head is in such a whirl that I do not know what I am saying. I overslept, and feel as if I had been drugged. Besides"—Whidby stopped at the colonel's side and put his hand on his shoulder—"besides, to tell the truth, something has come into my mind since I have been in this room—something I did not remember at the inquest. Perhaps I ought to tell the police about it, since I did not think of it when testifying. As I was lying down just before you came up, something flashed into my mind like a dream. I seemed to recall walking about my room and being half waked by stumbling over a chair near my bed. I caught the chair to steady myself, and half remember that my shirt, which I had thrown on the chair when I went to bed, fell on the floor. It seems to me that I picked up the shirt and replaced it, and then went back to bed. I know the shirt was on the chair when I waked this morning, but I can't imagine what I was doing up in the night."

"Ah, that is indeed curious," said the lawyer, thoughtfully. "Can you remember passing the portiere, or touching it with your hand?"

"No; I have told you all I remember."

"Was the chair between the portiere and your bed?"

"Yes."

"Was the back or the front part of the chair towards the portiere?"

"The back."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes; it is quite clear to me, though I can't explain why, that I ran against the back of the chair."

"Then you were undoubtedly coming from the direction of the portiere and going towards your bed?"

"It seems so."

"Do you walk in your sleep?"

"Not now; at least, not to my knowledge. I used to do it when I was a boy."

"At that time were you ever conscious afterwards of having done so?"

"Yes; I would sometimes get lost in my room and be unable to find my way back to bed till I waked."

"That showed you had a habit of walking about and unconsciously returning to bed. It was only when something half roused you that you were unable to act for yourself." Col. Warrenton reflected for a moment; then he said: "Look here, Alfred; I want to give you some advice. You have truthfully testified on oath as to what happened last night to the best of your memory at the time you were questioned. This little circumstance has since come into your mind. Now, my advice to you is to keep this to yourself, unless, of course, you should be called to testify again."

"Why?" asked Whidby.

"For the sake of your personal safety. Innocent men have been executed for crime too often for one to deliberately put his head into a halter."

"Pooh!" said the young man, uneasily. "It seems like confessing to guilt to keep back anything bearing on the case."

"You are not capable of seeing what is best for you to-day, my boy. Don't say anything about it for awhile, anyway, at least, not till I see you again."

"All right; I can promise that," said Whidby, as he shook hands with the lawyer.

Whidby continued to pace the floor of the room until Matthews rapped at the door.

"What is it now?" asked Whidby, admitting him.

"A lady in the library to see you, sir."

"A lady to see me? Who is it?"

"I took her to be Miss Delmar, sir."

"Annette—Miss Delmar? You must be mistaken."

"I think not, sir."

"Tell her I will be down at once."

Whidby turned to a mirror and stared his haggard features and disheveled hair. "I wonder what she can want," he said to himself, as Matthews softly closed the door. "This is no place for her. Poor girl! She has heard the reports, and could not wait."

Descending the stairs and turning into the library, Whidby found the visitor standing at a window looking into the yard.

"Annette!" he exclaimed, as she turned, and he advanced to her with extended hands.

"Oh, Alfred!" she cried, softly, as she put her hands into his. "I am so sorry about this." Then she saw his face in the light from the windows, and shrank back in amazement. "Why, why, you are ill! You look—I never saw you look so badly. What is the matter?"

"I have had an awful time of it," he said, drawing her into his arms. "I suppose I show it. But why did you come here? Why didn't you wait? I was coming round as soon as possible."

"I couldn't wait, dear," she said. "I simply should have gone mad. I knew you could explain." She shuddered. "Where is it?—your uncle, I mean."

He nodded towards the room across the hall.

"In there. The undertakers have it in charge."

She drew more closely to him.

"This is certainly a proof of my love, Alfred," she said, smiling faintly. "There never lived a soul with a greater horror of such things than I have, and yet I came. No, I could not wait. You know how papa is. He never had much faith in you anyway, and this morning when he heard the news down town he came right home to see me. Oh, he acted shamefully! I hate to think that he is my father. I could not tell you all he said."

Her voice had sunk into a whisper, and she hid her pretty face on his shoulder.

"You'd better not stay, darling," he said, presently. "They are going to bring the coffin into this room, and you must not be here. Poor little girl! To think that I would bring such trouble on you!"

Miss Delmar rose and wiped her eyes. "I was a goose to break down that way," she said, forcing a smile. "I came to try to comfort you with an assurance of my faith in you, and I've acted like a schoolgirl. You will write to me, or send Col. Warrenton to see me, as soon as you know anything definite, won't you?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Don't worry. It will all come out right. You shall hear from me every day. I will send the colonel round this evening."

Whidby stood at the window and watched her graceful figure pass through the gate and cross the street.

"I'm sure I did right in not telling her about that afterthought of mine," he reflected. "It would only worry her, and—perhaps it means nothing after all. And yet—My God! it will drive me mad! Could I have done it? Will it all come back to me some day?"

He sank on the sofa, covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALTRUISM IN PRACTICE.

No Place for Extreme Self-Denial in Large Cities, However.

There was once an altruist who had an important engagement in a distant town. Accordingly he went to the railway station to buy his ticket; passengers were not allowed to pay on the train.

This man possessed an athletic and sharp-eyed conscience, which he took along with him because he never could succeed in leaving it behind.

Arrived at the station he found several other people waiting to buy tickets; so he took his place at the end of the line. When he got to the window he was just about to ask for a ticket to

—, when he glanced over his shoulder and saw another man waiting. Preferring others to himself, the altruist stepped aside, and the other man bought his ticket. The altruist was again about to buy when he observed a woman waiting, and again made way.

After her came a number of men, women and children, who crowded so closely together that the altruist could not get into line again and had to go to the foot. Even here fresh people were constantly coming in at the door and he made way for each of them, and held their bundles while they went up to buy their tickets, so that night came before he had got his own at all.

"But there is just time now," said the altruist. So he made a dash for the ticket window, but his conscience caught him by the collar.

"How selfish," it said, severely. "You are going to take the last chance; there is another man who wants it." So the other man bought the ticket, and the window was closed for the night.

"I'll manage better to-morrow," said the altruist. So the next day he came early and headed the line. But just as the ticket window was opened the man behind him said: "Just let me ahead, won't you? I'm in a hurry." So the altruist made way.—Lippincott's.

HOW HE GOT WATER.

Old Trapper Showed Them a New Device in Reaching Drinks.

"When people are suffering from thirst they will resort to all kinds of means to get water," remarked a gentleman who was at one time a member of the United States geological and surveying expedition in the Indian territory. "For some time we had been without water and were suffering greatly. Among our number was an old trapper who was as keen on the scent for water as a hound on the trail of a deer. Finally he paused at a place and stopped."

"I think there's water here if we could dig a well," he observed.

"But we can't," I replied.

"No, but we can do something else," he said.

"With that he cut a reed, tying some moss on the end of it. Then he dug into the earth, placed his reed in the hole and packed the earth around the reed."

"Do you mean to say that you can suck water out of that thing?" I asked.

"Yes, if, as I think, there's water near the surface."

"He drew strongly at it with much satisfaction."

"Good," he remarked, "would you like to try it?"

"With little confidence in the result I sucked at the reed with the surprising result of getting plenty of clear, pure water. To my parched tongue it seemed the very nectar of the gods."

"It's as clear as the water of a spring," I said.

"Yes, the moss is our filter," he replied.

"We pursued our journey much refreshed, and I never forgot the old trapper's advice."—Detroit Free Press.

Dickens as Critic.

Charles Dickens had a great love for music, and particularly enjoyed songs and ballads, anything pathetic in the strains of which quickly moved him. He had his own ideas of the way in which songs should be rendered, and when occasion offered he made them known. One day a member of his household was singing a ballad, when suddenly the novelist, who had apparently been deep in a book at the farther end of the room, got up, saying: "You don't make enough of that word." He seated himself at the piano and illustrated his idea of the way in which the word to which he referred should be emphasized, and did not rise until the phrase had been sung to his satisfaction. After that whenever the song, which became a favorite with him, was sung, he listened with his head a little to one side until he had made sure that his instructions had not been forgotten that time.—Youth's Companion.

"A man is never at a loss to know what his duties are, so long as he has kin."—Atchison Globe.

ANNUAL REPORT

Of the Secretary of Agriculture—Recommends Increased Appropriation to Aid Animal Industry.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Secretary Wilson Friday presented his report to the president reviewing the operations of the agricultural department for the past year. The most important recommendation made by him is one that agents for the department should be stationed at each of our more important American embassies for the collection of information of interest to American farmers.

The secretary recommends an increase in the appropriations in aid of the bureau of animal industry, of the weather bureau and publication offices. He thinks the department should be enabled to place the result of important operations at agricultural colleges before the entire country, "so that the farmers of each state may get the result of the good work done in other states."

He refers to the efforts of the department to aid the foreign markets for our dairy and live stock products, which he thinks can be done by making the foreigners familiar with them. Instead of sending abroad for seeds he says the policy in the future will be "to encourage the introduction of such seeds as will enable our people to diversify their crops and keep money at home that the United States should produce."

Mr. Wilson says the department will continue its pioneer work in the encouragement of the sugar beet and expresses the opinion that the country will within a few years raise all the sugar it requires. He expresses the opinion that nearly all of the \$382,000,000 sent abroad last year for sugar, hides, fruits, wines, animals, rice, flax, hemp, cheese, wheat, barley, beans, eggs and silk might have been kept at home. He also thinks the United States should grow their chicory, castor beans, lavender, licorice, mustard, opium, etc.

With reference to horses the secretary says: The American farmer can grow horses as cheaply as he can grow cattle. We have a heavy and profitable export trade in cattle, and may have an export trade equally heavy and profitable in horses. The department is gathering facts regarding our horse industry at home and the requirements of purchasers abroad, so that our farmers can learn what foreign buyers demand.

The most important work in which the animal industry bureau has been engaged is that looking to the destruction of the cattle tick, for which it is believed that an agent has been found in a petroleum product known as paraffine oil, in which infected cattle are dipped.

Commissioner Forman, of the internal revenue bureau, has decided that unused case stamps for distilled spirits bottled in bond, can not be redeemed by the government. These stamps are issued to distillers for their own benefit and protection and have no relation to the collection of internal revenue tax. As the name of the distiller is printed on the stamps they are not available for use by other parties, and hence the commissioner declines to redeem them at the government's expense.

Gen. Longstreet Succeeds Gen. Hampton. WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—President McKinley Friday appointed Gen. James Longstreet, of Georgia, commissioner of railroads, vice Gen. Wade Hampton, resigned.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION. Thursday, November 25, Set Apart for National Thanksgiving and Prayer.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—President McKinley Friday issued his first Thanksgiving day proclamation as follows:

In remembrance of God's goodness to us during the past year, which has been so abundant, "let us offer unto Him our thanksgiving and pay our vows unto the Most High." Under His watchful providence industry has prospered, the conditions of labor have been improved, the rewards of the husbandman have been increased, and the comforts of our homes multiplied. His mighty hand has preserved peace and protected the nation. Respect for law and order has been strengthened, love of free institutions cherished, and all sections of our beloved country brought into closer bonds of fraternal regard and generous co-operation.

For these great benefits it is our duty to praise the Lord in a spirit of humility and gratitude and to offer up to Him our most fervent supplications. That we may acknowledge our obligation as a people to him who has so graciously granted us the blessings of free government and material prosperity I, William McKinley, president of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the Twenty-fifth day of November, for national thanksgiving and prayer, which all of the people are invited to observe with appropriate religious services in their respective places of worship. On this day of rejoicing and domestic prayer let our prayers ascend to the giver of every good and perfect gift for the continuance of his love and favor to us, that our hearts may be filled with charity and good will, and that we may be ever worthy of his beneficent concern.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this twenty-ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven, and of the independence of the United States one hundred and twenty-second.

[SEAL.] WILLIAM McKINLEY.

An Opinion in the Lake Front Case. CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Corporation Counsel Thornton Friday rendered an opinion holding that the Illinois Central railroad has no right to the submerged land it is filling in at the foot of Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, covering an area of about seven acres. He holds that since the submerged lands are held in trust by the state for the people, it has no authority to permit them to be filled in except for the benefit of the whole people. The case will probably be taken into court.

Striking Miners Arrested. PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 30.—Thirty-five striking miners were arrested Friday near the Oak Hill mines, of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Co., charged with unlawful assemblage at Turtle creek. They were preparing to make a demonstration but the deputies intercepted them and arrested the entire party. There was no violence, and the procession, after the arrests, headed by the deputies and followed by Superintendent T. E. Dearmit, was marched to Turtle creek. The men were later brought to Pittsburgh where charges of unlawful assemblage were entered against them.

AUSTRIA'S GRAIN CROP.

American Wheat Being Imported in Quantity by Way of Hamburg.

Large Purchase Also Made Through the Vienna Produce Exchange—A Report Prepared by Frank H. Hitchcock, Chief of the Section of Markets.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, has issued a report, prepared under his direction by Frank H. Hitchcock, chief of the section of foreign markets, that gives some interesting facts relative to the present wheat shortage in Austria-Hungary and the consequent importation into that country of American grain. According to the United States consul at Reichenberg, Austria, an importation of 400 carloads of American wheat was made as early as August, coming by way of Hamburg. Other importations were reported, among them one of 36,700 bushels of red winter No. 2 and Kansas wheat, purchased through the Vienna produce exchange. After recounting these unusual importations of the present season, the bulletin presents a careful review of the grain situation in Austria-Hungary during the past ten years. The crops of the present season are remarkably small. If the official estimates quoted are fulfilled, the combined wheat production of Austria and Hungary will amount to little more than 130,000,000 bushels, or 50,000,000 bushels short of the crop harvested in 1896; which was estimated at about 190,000,000 bushels. Aside from the abnormal conditions of the present year, annual statistics of production, importation and exportation during the decade make it apparent that a marked change has occurred in the last few years as regards the grain situation in Austria-Hungary. The tendency of the various cereals has been towards a larger home consumption of the national product and consequent reduction of the surplus available for shipment to other lands. Most of the cereals are now brought into the country in larger quantities than they are exported. Barley is the only grain of which any considerable amount continues to be shipped abroad. In respect to other cereals the status of the monarchy is apparently that of transition from an exporting into an importing country. While it is hardly to be expected that these changed conditions will to any considerable extent create an enlarged demand for American cereals, the facts set forth are certainly of interest as indicating the lessened importance of Austria-Hungary among the countries with which the United States is obliged to compete in the grain marts of the world. The flour trade with Brazil is large and increasing, reaching 110,934 barrels per annum during 1891-95. This increasing hold upon the markets should be controlled exclusively by United States millers.

FIRE IN A MINE.

Five Men Lose Their Lives in the Von Storch Slope—Their Bodies Rescued.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 1.—Five of the eight men who were Friday night caught in the Von Storch slope by fire in the shaft, perished during the night. The remaining three escaped from the Diamond vein by a cross heading into the gangway where the air was pure and reached the surface Saturday morning.

The dead are: Thomas Hill, foreman of the night shift, married and leaves a widow and five children; Thomas McDonald, laborer, widower, three children; John Yankowski, laborer, married; John Moran, track layer, single; John J. Farrell, pump runner, single.

When the fire broke out in the main gangway of the slope there were 28 men and boys in the mine. Ten left the mine before the fire occurred and ten of them made their way to the hoisting shaft, and were brought to the surface before the fire had cut off their means of escape. When it became known about 1:30 Saturday morning that eight men and boys were still in the mine hundreds of citizens flocked to the mouth of the slope. Charles Ziegler, superintendent of the mine, and a number of the miners started down the slope to attempt to rescue the men. They were driven back, however, by the smoke and forced to return to the

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.
BRUCE MILLER, }

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion; half rates each insertion thereafter. Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line each insertion. Locals in black type, twenty cents per line each insertion. Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line-rates. Obituaries, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line. Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S first Thanksgiving proclamation is printed in full on third page of THE NEWS.

THE birth of a son to Grover Cleveland and wife has caused the parents to receive a shower of congratulatory telegrams. One of the messages was from Queen Victoria.

GEN. WEYLER has left Cuba unhonored, unwept and unsung. He left a bloody record that has never been equaled, and took away a fortune which he made out of the rebellion.

THE Republican campaign train arrived here on schedule time Friday afternoon and Dr. Hunter, Senator Deboe, candidate Bailey, and Judge Denny addressed a large crowd at the court house. There was considerable curiosity manifested to see Dr. Hunter and Senator Deboe.

THE Louisville Dispatch has been sued by Jo Parker, Populist candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, for \$30,000 damages for publishing a charge that he was being backed by the Republican Campaign Committee, and was running in the interest of Bailey, Republican candidate for the same office.

At Richmond, Winchester, Paris, Maysville and Cynthiana Friday Senator Deboe was introduced by Judge Denny, Candidate Bailey and Dr. Hunter as "the greatest curiosity ever seen here—a Republican Senator from Kentucky." The boys evidently thought that the joke was a good thing for they pushed it along. Our freak Senator should have rung his chestnut bell.

Hon. F. H. Dudley Withdraws.

HON. F. H. DUDLEY, National Democratic candidate for State Senator in this district, yesterday withdrew from the race, leaving Capt. J. M. Thomas without opposition.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers of Stock, Crop, Etc.

J. J. McCafferty, who recently bought Peat from Turney Bros., will race Requit and Gotham in England.

The Richmond Register reports the sale by T. J. Curtis to J. W. Bales of eighty-two 1,515-lb. cattle at \$4.85 per cwt.

John T. Hughes' Rex McDonald won first premium for gaited saddlers Friday night at the Kansas city horse show. Monte Cristo, Jr., owned by J. T. Crenshaw, of Scott's Station Ky., won second premium.

On the Cincinnati tobacco breaks last week J. S. Wilson disposed of eight hhds at an average price of \$31. Wiggins & Abner sold twenty at \$16.62, W. T. Overby fifteen at \$12.28, J. W. Thomas, Jr., ten at \$13.82 and five at \$13.55.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, 'DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solicitations Of The Marriage Vows.

The marriage of Miss Daisy Winston and Dr. George Draper Kelly, of Lexington, has been indefinitely postponed.

The marriage of Mr. David Scobee, son of Mr. R. S. Scobee, of Winchester, to Miss Louie Hughes, of Clintonville, is announced to take place November 10.

Sam J. Shackelford, of Owensboro, and Miss Marianner Magoffin, of Duluth, will be married on Nov. 10th. The bride is a grand-daughter of Gov. Beriah Magoffin, deceased.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Mr. David Wilson January, of Maysville, and Miss Margaret Steele Andrews, to occur at the Presbyterian Church, Flemingsburg, Wednesday, November 10th.

R. N. Broadus, of Covington, and Miss Susie Shropshire, of Fayette, will wed on the 10th. The engagement is also announced at Lexington of Mr. A. B. Lancaster and Miss Elizabeth Hill, and Miss Mattie Shanklin to Mr. John W. Fulton, of St. Louis.

Mr. W. D. Frazer, of Cynthiana, and Miss Jane Bradford, of Covington will be married at the Eighth street Episcopal Church in Cincinnati on Sunday evening, November 7th. The wedding will be very quiet. No cards have been issued. Mr. Frazer and bride will reside in Cynthiana.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

Maysville has a football team.

Despondent Miss Phoenix Jones, of Fleming poisoned herself last week.

R. A. Cook, Jr., of Lexington, started Saturday morning on his bicycle for a trip to Mexico.

Cigarettes drove John W. Camerer, formerly of Louisville, to suicide at Bloomington, Ind.

On second page in New York dispatches appears a picture and extended notice of life and death of Henry George.

The Union Pacific road was sold yesterday to the reorganization committee for \$39,883,281 for the road and \$18,645,250 for the bonds.

President McKinley attended church at Cincinnati Sunday, and left for Canton Sunday night, where he will remain until after the election.

Jason W. Miller, a well-known farmer of Woodford county, was shot and killed at Midway Saturday night by Town Marshal Edward Stephens.

The gates of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition were closed Saturday night. The Exposition sustained itself, and in six months was visited by 1,650,000 people.

It is said that four hundred American girls are married to titled foreigners. The question is only one of expense, for it is perfectly well understood that the titles are for sale, and also that the higher the title the higher the price. A plain Count may be had for \$50,000 to \$100,000, a Duke for \$1,000,000, or as much more as he can get, an Italian Prince for about the same, but a Prince of Germany or England comes much higher.

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

Of Murry, Ind., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Murry, Ind., Sept 17, 1896.
THE WRIGHT MEDICAL CO.,
Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:—Last spring I purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from L. C. Davenport, druggist, Bluffton, Ind., and used them for stomach trouble with which I had been afflicted for more than 15 years. Since taking your Capsules I have lost all trace of pain and my stomach is entirely well. I can eat anything and can truthfully say that I have not felt better in years.

Yours Respectfully,
MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.
Sold by W. T. Brooks at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for trial size, free.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25c at druggists.

W. S. Anderson,

Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Gents:—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for stomach trouble and constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years. I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours,
W. S. ANDERSON.
Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

OYSTERS, celery, fresh cakes and crackers, new sorghum molasses, New York cream cheese.
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the well-known and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so that their potency is materially increased.

What Will It Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and restore to a normal condition the infant, the child and the adult. It will enrich the blood of the anemic; will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and cure incipient consumption. We make this statement because the experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

FOR SALE.—I have for sale privately a lot of carpenter and wagon-maker tools. Apply at my home on Walker's avenue. (tf) MRS. LAURA G. TAYLOR.

MEN who like a cool, quick, quiet and easy shave should patronize Crawford Bros.' barber shop. Clean, first-class bath rooms are connected with the shop. Satisfactory service at all times. (tf)

BULBS.—Chinese Lillies, Hyacinths and Tulips; also choice cut Roses. W. M. GOODLOE.

New crop currents, raisins, citron, peaches, prunes, apricots, hominy, oat meal, roll-d oats. (tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

Insure in the Northwestern today to-morrow may be too late.

Yesterday's Temperature.

The following is the temperature as noted yesterday by A. J. Winters & Co., of this city:

7 a. m.	52
8 a. m.	53
9 p. m.	53
10 a. m.	54
11 a. m.	55
12 m.	56
2 p. m.	56
3 p. m.	57
4 p. m.	59
5 p. m.	58
7 p. m.	55

Cash buyers can get double value today at
(tf) DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIG.

To the Voters of Bourbon County.

HAVING received the nomination in the Republican County Convention for County Clerk of Bourbon county, I take this method to ask the support of all my friends. I pledge myself to a conscientious and faithful discharge of official duties, if elected in November.

Respectfully,
WM. M. GOODLOE.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

GETTING READY

Every expectant mother has a trying ordeal to face. If she does not



Nature is not given proper assistance.

Mother's Friend

is the best help you can use at this time. It is a liniment, and when regularly applied several months before baby comes, it makes the advent easy and nearly painless. It relieves and prevents "morning sickness," relaxes the overstrained muscles, relieves the distended feeling, shortens labor, makes recovery rapid and certain without any dangerous after-effects. Mother's Friend is good for only one purpose, viz.: to relieve motherhood of danger and pain.

\$1 dollar per bottle at all drug stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
FARR BOOKS, containing valuable information for women, will be sent to any address upon application to

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

A Remarkable Month.

COOLER weather is predicted by the weather bureau to follow the rain which has been a general one in the gulf and lake regions.

The temperature record of the past four months has been extraordinary. Each month in some manner or other surpassed in its excess of heat that of any corresponding month on record. In this respect October maintained the record made by the Summer months. From the standpoint of the normal it was the warmest of them all. The mean daily temperature was one degree below the normal on the 29th, but with this exception there was an excess every day of the month. At the end there was an accumulated excess of 231 degrees, which gave an average daily departure of 71 degrees above the normal. The monthly mean temperature was 64.8, which was the highest for any October in the past twenty-six years. The nearest approach to it was in October 1879, and 1881, when it was 63.7. The normal for the month is 57.7. On the 1st and 15th the mercury rose to 91, the highest ever recorded in October.

The total rainfall for October was 1.83 inches. Although this amount was .98 of an inch less than the normal, showers have been occurring at weekly intervals since the drought was broken on the 11th.

THE Northwestern is carrying nearly \$1,000,000 insurance on the lives of Bourbon County's representative citizens. Call on R. P. Dow, Jr., for particulars. (26c-8t)

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

Cures a Prominent Attorney.



M. R. C. PHELPS, the leading pension attorney of Belfast, N. Y., writes: "I was discharged from the army on account of ill health, and suffered from heart trouble ever since. I frequently had fainting and smothering spells. My form was bent as a man of 80. I constantly wore an overcoat, even in summer, for fear of taking cold. I could not attend to my business. My rest was broken by severe pains about the heart and left shoulder. Three years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, notwithstanding I had used so much patent medicine and taken drugs from doctors for years without being helped. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure restored me to health. It is truly a wonderful medicine and it affords me much pleasure to recommend this remedy to everyone."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Your Life Insured—In a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health. They cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 1c a day. A sight draft on above bank in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

GEO. W. DAVIS

—DEALER IN—
Furniture, Window Shades, Oil Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses, Etc.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing.
MAIN STREET, - - - PARIS, KY.

J. P. KIELY,

617 Main st., Paris, Ky.,

AGENTS FOR W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Mules For Sale.

Twenty-four cotton mules 14 to 15½ fat and plump.

BENNETT TARR.

Also, 30 sugar mules, from 15 to 16 hands high. WM. TARR.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of Chas. R. Turner are requested to present them to me at my office in Paris, Ky., properly proven as required by law. Those knowing themselves indebted to the estate are requested to settle promptly and save costs of suit.

HARMON STITT,
(29je) Assignee.

WHY NOT

Buy Your Clothes At Home



Where you can have them cut and tried on and made to fit you?

We make good suits for \$20.00; a better suit for \$23.00, and a fine suit for \$25.00.

We are good tailors and do our own work, and guarantee a perfect fit or no sale.

Cleaning and Pressing a Specialty.

LAVIN & HUKILL.

EXECUTORS' SALE PUBLIC SALE

— OF —
STOCK, CROP, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

As executors of the will of Thos. Woodford, deceased, the undersigned, will sell, publicly, on the premises, 8 miles East of Paris, on **WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, '97**, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., sharp, the following stock, crop, farm implements, etc.:

5 horses—2 saddle and 3 harness;
4 work mules;
30 cows and calves and yearlings;
5 fat hogs;
Farm utensils—1 mower; 3 wagons; large and small plows; harrows; etc.
1 set quarry tools;
1 set carpenter tools;
40 acres hay;
45 acres rye;
200 bbls. corn in shock, and crib;
Household and kitchen furniture.
Some grass land for rent.

BUCKNER WOODFORD, WM. B. WOODFORD, J. T. WOODFORD,
Executors of the will of Thos. Woodford.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

New Laundry Agency.

I HAVE secured the agency for the Winchester Power Laundry—a first-class institution—and solicit a share of the public patronage. Work or orders left at Clarke & Clay's drug-store will receive immediate attention. Work called for and delivered promptly.

Respectfully,
BRUCE HOLLADAY.

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

GOOD times for shoe buyers this week, at
(tf) DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIG.



Do you need anything in bedding?
Do you see that house?
That is the place to get anything in that line.

Blankets, comforts, Pillows, Mattresses and incidentally the best line of Springs ever shown in Paris. Prices on Comforts from 75 cents to \$12.00. Blankets—65 cents to \$9. per pair. Do not buy until you see my line.

J. T. HINTON.

Wood Mantels, Tiling, Etc. Furniture of all kinds. Carpets as low as the lowest. Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]
 One year.....\$2.00 [Six months.....\$1.00]
 NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

THE Monday Night Literary Club met last night with Mrs. Jacob K. Spears, on Seventh street.

SIDNEY D. CLAY, Chas. Hill and Ed. Gorey, of this city, will start in February for the Klondike gold fields.

MR. E. F. NELSON, of the Stony Point neighborhood, had his leg broken Saturday by a horse which he was riding, falling on him.

SEVERAL \$200 bets on the county judge race were made Saturday, and a number of smaller wagers on other races have been posted.

BOB McMAHAN was discharged without trial at Lexington last week, having established his innocence of the charge of horse-stealing.

FOR RENT.—Desirable brick cottage, five rooms, good cellar and other improvements—on South Main street. For particulars apply to J. T. HINTON.

IN consequence of the continuous rain yesterday there was a small crowd of court day visitors in Paris. There was no stock on the market. Politics was the principal theme of the day.

CAPT J. H. MYERS, of Fleming, formerly an L. & N., conductor met with a very painful accident last Wednesday by his horse jumping with him, fracturing the ligaments of Capt. Myers' thigh and abdomen.

ASA STONE, who has been confined in the Paris jail for an assault on Ben Young at Carlisle three weeks ago, has been taken back to Carlisle and was admitted to bail in \$2,500—with Sam'l Rogers and George Bramlette sureties.

A SCARF PIN and a pair of cuff buttons belonging to Joe Young were taken Friday from his room at Joe Asbury's boarding house at the Central Hotel building. Young thinks that they were taken by an actor who was in the room during the day.

J. J. BAKER, C. V. Higgins, Geo. Prather and John Bealert, of Paris precinct, raised small crops of coffee this year. The former has raised several crops of coffee and the others tried it as an experiment. The coffee raised was pronounced equal that bought at groceries.

THE drouth has been broken in earnest by a gentle rain which fell continuously Sunday night and most of yesterday. Dispatches from Paducah, Russellville, Lexington, Maysville, Frankfort, Lancaster, Beattyville, and Horse Cave indicated that the rain was general throughout Kentucky.

THE auction sale of Mr. Robert Burns Wilson's fine water color paintings at Odd Fellows Hall Friday and Saturday evening was well attended by art-loving citizens, and a number of the exquisite paintings were purchased by Parisians. The pictures were greatly admired by all.

Mastodon Teeth Found.

LAST week while workmen were excavating around the famous spring at Blue Licks a buffalo skull and several mastodon teeth were unearthed. A tooth and jawbone connected weighed twenty-five pounds and a single tooth weighed nine and one-quarter pounds.

Bourbon Land Sold.

JOSEPH BOOTH, of near Sharpsburg, has purchased from Wm. Tarr 225 acres of land on the Jackstown turnpike at \$67.50 per acre, and sixteen acres of the T. J. Redmon tract at \$100 per acre. Mr. Booth will build a residence on the land in the Spring.

Revival At Christian Church.

ELD. E. L. POWELL, pastor of the First Christian Church, at Fourth and Walnut, in Louisville, will begin a protracted meeting in this city on November 8th. The meeting will probably continue several weeks. Elder Powell is one of Louisville's leading ministers and is an eloquent pulpit orator.

Thirty Acres of Grass Burned.

SATURDAY afternoon a fire, probably started accidentally by a careless hunter, burned twenty-five acres of grass for Mr. Catesby Woodford and five acres on Mr. James Miller's farm. The fire also burned three hundred pounds of fence and threatened to destroy Mr. Miller's barns. It was finally stopped by plowing the ground around the burned district.

Dedication Of The New Methodist Church.

In the presence of more than one thousand persons, the handsome new Methodist church was dedicated Sunday to the worship of God.

The sermon in the morning was preached by Rev. G. C. Kelly, D. D., of Birmingham, Ala., and Rev. E. G. B. Mann, the pastor, and Prof. C. C. Fisher, of Millersburg, and Rev. John Reeves, of Winchester, assisted in the services.

The choir was augmented by singers from the various churches and rendered some fine music. Mrs. Chas. Mehagen sang a beautiful solo, and Prof. A. M. Gutzeit presided at the organ in his usual masterly manner.

Rev. J. C. Morris, D. D., of Nashville, preached at night, and Rev. W. M. Britt, of Millersburg, assisted in the service. Mrs. Frank Fithian sang a solo in admirable style. After the sermon, Dr. Wash Fithian, on behalf of the trustees, tendered the church to Rev. Kelly, who dedicated it with simple and impressive ceremonies.

The church cost \$15,000, and \$11,000 of the sum had been raised up to Sunday. At the morning service the sum of \$1,100 was raised, and at night the collection amounted to \$1,000. Leading members pledged themselves to see that the balance was paid, and the church was dedicated free of debt.

The new church is indeed a beautiful structure and the Methodist congregation and the pastor, Rev. E. G. B. Mann, under whose administration it was built, are justly proud of it, as are all other citizens of Paris. Built of Kentucky freestone it presents an imposing appearance and is a model of architectural beauty and modern convenience. The building, which was so well built by Fletcher & Co., of Cincinnati, has a seating capacity of about one thousand persons, including the two audience rooms—which may be separated by a lifting door—and several class rooms, which may also be made a part of the main auditorium by means of the lifting doors. The large audience room thus made is circular in shape and the pulpit in the center and the perfect acoustics permit the ordinary tones of the minister to be easily heard in every part of the house.

In the building are a number of exquisitely beautiful art-glass memorial windows, given as follows: The large window on the Pleasant street side was given by Col. J. G. Craddock in memory of his father, mother and sister. The window back of the choir loft was given in memory of E. R. Fithian by his relatives. The large window on the Seventh street side is in memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson, and was given by Mr. and Mrs. E. B. January. The window over the transept on the Seventh street entrance was given by Mrs. Eliza Taylor in memory of her husband, Squire Taylor. The window in the Epworth-league room was given by the Sunday School to the memory of Mrs. Allen Bashford, and a window in the pastor's study was paid for by subscription secured by Rev. E. G. B. Mann in compliment to Mrs. Emaline B. Flanagan. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mehagen gave a window in the infant class room in the memory of George Catlett Lockhart Mehagen.

Besides the splendid auditorium the building has several class rooms, a pastor's study, a committee room, a kitchen, two toilet rooms, and is handsomely furnished throughout. The edifice is lighted by gas and electric light, is fitted with water fixtures, and heated by two furnaces.

The audiences were received Sunday at the several entrances by the church officers, Dr. Wash Fithian, H. A. Power, James McClure, Chas. Mehagen, Fletcher Mann and J. Frank Prather, and were seated by the ushers, Chas. N. Fithian, J. H. Fuhrman, Chas. R. Wilmoth, J. Frank Prather, Allie D. Mann and Henry Lilleston.

Among the strangers in attendance were Mrs. W. H. Wadsworth, Mrs. J. W. Boulden, Mrs. Geisel and Miss Power, of Maysville; Dr. M. Dills and wife, W. J. Kennedy and wife, Miss Alice Gillispie, Miss Campbell, S. P. Baird and wife, of Carlisle; Jos. A. Miller and wife, Rev. W. H. Britt, C. W. Corrington and wife, Chas. Johnson and wife, Dr. C. C. Fisher, Mrs. G. W. Bryan, Misses Nora Wadell, Jennie and Bessie Purnell, Lida Clarke, Lula Grimes, Ida Dodson, Mrs. Sam'l Dodson, Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Best and others, of Millersburg.

There will be prayer meeting at the new church at seven o'clock to-morrow night—the first regular service in the church.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Tax receipts for 1897 are now ready and have been for some time. Please call and settle at once and save penalty.

E. T. BEEDING, S. B. C.

THE Northwestern's dividends to policy-holders are unequalled, and to procure Northwestern dividends you must carry Northwestern insurance. (tf)

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mrs. John Roseberry is visiting relatives in Cincinnati.

—Mr. J. W. Bain, of Lexington, was a visitor in the city Saturday.

—Miss Bruce Collins left Saturday for a visit to friends in Mt. Sterling.

—Mrs. Newt Clark, who has been ill for three weeks, is able to be out again.

—Mr. Ernest Frazier and wife were guests of relatives in Lexington Sunday.

—Little Margaret Waller is recovering from a dangerous illness of typhoid fever.

—Mr. Brutus Grinnan, of Carlisle, is the guest of his parents on Henderson Street.

—Miss Laura Trundle has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Brock, in St. Louis.

—Mrs. Martha Grinnan, of Cynthiana, is visiting the family of her son, Mr. L. Grinnan.

—Mr. P. J. Millet, the coal mine owner, of Norton, Va., was in the city Saturday.

—Mrs. Thos. Beeding attending the Lydick-Gooding wedding at Mayslick, last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Craig Shipp, of Lexington, arrived Saturday for a short visit in Paris.

—Miss Jennie and Bessie Purnell, of Millersburg, are guests of Miss Jennie Kate Purnell.

—Mr. Thomas Wright, of Rush county, Ind., is visiting his nephew, Mr. Horace Collins.

—Miss Mary Varden was the guest of Lexington friends from Saturday until yesterday.

—Mrs. Wm. Hinton has returned to Covington after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. James Hinton, near Paris.

—Mrs. Bedell Parker (nee Miss Sannie Gaines) of New York, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Gaines, in Georgetown.

—C. Alexander, Jr., attended the Halloween german given in the Merrick Lodge building Thursday night by the Lexington German Club.

—Messrs. Robt. Rosselle and Joe Strader and Misses Hattie Alexander and Tommie Hornsey, of Lexington, visited friends in the city Sunday.

—Mr. Ernest Ritchey, a druggist of New Paris, O., is here on a visit to friends. His wife, who was Miss Bessie Breeden, has been here for a fortnight.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Atwill, who were married at Kansas City on Oct. 27, are guests at Mr. Hart Talbott's. Mrs. Atwill was Miss Ellen Hart Talbott, daughter of Mr. Dudley Talbott.

—Little Elizabeth Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen L. Davis, continues quite ill of fever. Mr. and Mrs. Ulie Howard came up Saturday from Covington to see her, and will remain for several days.

—Louisville society is agog over the splendid fancy dress ball to be given tonight at the Galt House by Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard in honor of Misses Abbie Ballard and Zula and Lilla Harris. Five hundred invitations have been issued and Mrs. Ballard has asked seventeen married friends to lead seventeen quadrilles which will be the opening dance of the ball. Miss Emily May Wheat, representing "Carmen," will dance in the set led by Mrs. Austin Ballard as "Mme. Le Pompadour." Among the noted guests who will attend will be Prince and Princess Bonaccio and Count and Countess di Brazzia.

BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And Women.

At Little Rock Friday to the wife of L. A. Soper, a daughter.

Mrs. W. B. Mitchell, an actress, gave birth to a son on a train Saturday at Canton, O.

New L. & N. Time Card.

A NEW new time card took effect on the L. & N. Sunday night. The morning train from Maysville now arrives at 7:42 and leaves for Lexington at 7:50 instead of 7:55. The morning train from Richmond arrives at 7:40 and departs at 7:50 for Maysville. There is no change in the arrival or departure of the 7:45 train from Lexington to Cincinnati. The afternoon train from Lexington arrives at 3:34 and departs at 3:40—six minutes earlier than formerly. The evening train from Lexington arrives at 6:27 and departs at 6:35 for Maysville. There is no change in the other trains.

THE Northwestern Mutual life has paid to representatives of its policy-holders and to its policy-holders, and is now holding for them, \$180,000,000, an excess over premium receipts of over \$30,000,000. (tf)

Fiscal Court Meeting.

THE Fiscal Court met yesterday and awarded a contract for a \$1,200 bridge to be placed over Stoner on the Pretty-run pike, near the Clark county line. The stone work was given to Mr. Moran, of Mason.

The court discussed the question of reducing the salary of the School Superintendent and Count, Attorney, but made no change. The salary of each officer is \$800 per year. The salary of the County Infirmary keeper has been reduced from \$800 to \$600.

The court will meet again Saturday to appoint physicians to care for the pauper practice in the various precincts.

Railroad Company Incorporated.

The Ohio River, Cynthiana and Tidewater Railroad Company filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State Saturday, with a capital of \$35,000. The road is to run from the Ohio river at Ghent, Kentucky, through the counties of Carroll, Gallatin, Grant, Owen, Scott, Harrison, Nicholas, Bourbon, Montgomery, Powell and Estill, terminating at Irvine, Estill county, having run a distance of 100 miles. The headquarters of the road are to be situated at Cynthiana. Following are the chief incorporators: Albert E. Boone, H. Earnshaw, Alpheus Conner, Thos. B. Smith, William H. Northcott, Benjamin T. Riggs, W. B. Sammons, Wm. S. Cason, John W. Metcalf.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

F. A. Wade, aged seventy-five, died a few days ago at the County Infirmary. He is survived by a wife—about seventy years old—who is for the sixth time left a widow, and by a grown son who lives in Chicago. The remains will be taken to Chicago for interment.

Miss Julia Connell, aged about twenty, a lovely young lady who was just budding into womanhood and into a life of happy usefulness, died of typhoid fever yesterday morning at two o'clock at the home of her father, Mr. Nicholas Connell. The gentle manners and beautiful character of the deceased won for her a legion of friends who are grieved at her passing away. The funeral services will be held at half-past seven o'clock to-morrow morning at the Catholic church by Rev. Edward Burke. The following young men will be pall-bearers: Messrs. Randolph Davis, Llewellyn Spears, Edward Gorey, John Gaper, Jr., Charles James, Jos. Grosche.

Ben F. Bedford, Sr., aged sixty-three, a respected citizen of Bourbon, died Friday night at his home in East Paris. The deceased was a son of the late Benj. C. Bedford, and was formerly a farmer and breeder of Short-horn cattle. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Evans, and four children—Mrs. Nathan Bayles, Jr., Silas Bedford, Edwin Bedford, and B. F. Bedford, Jr. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the residence by Rev. F. W. Eberhardt, and the remains were interred in the Paris cemetery. The pall-bearers were Messrs. H. C. Hutchcraft, John C. Clay, Dan Turner, John LaRue, E. K. Thomas, John B. Kennedy.

James K. Ford, a member of the firm of Ford & Co., owner of the Hotel Fordham, President of the Paris Gas Co. and one of the influential citizens of Bourbon county, died at his home on Duncan avenue at four o'clock yesterday morning from a stroke of paralysis which he suffered Friday evening. The deceased, who was fifty-five years old Saturday, was a progressive citizen, and a faithful church member—having been a deacon in the Christian Church for many years—who merited the great esteem in which he was held by his fellow men. The deceased is survived by his wife, nee Miss Winnie Duncan, who he married thirty-five years ago. The funeral services will be held at his late residence to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock by Elder J. S. Sweeney. The officers of the Christian Church will act as pall-bearers. The remains will be interred at the Paris cemetery.

Notice of New Meat Market.

PARIS, KY., OCT. 30, 1897.

Garrett Kenney and Tice Ashurst have formed a partnership and will, on Saturday, October 30, 1897, open a meat market in the store-room adjoining Lavin & Connell's, on Main Street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. They will do business under the firm name of Kenney & Ashurst.

Mr. Kenney has had long experience in meat markets and respectfully asks a share of the generous patronage formerly accorded him.

Kenney & Ashurst will keep the choicest fresh meats, and everything usually found in a first-class butcher shop. (2t)

Poor Grade Shoes

Are poor in every respect—money wasters. Our new stock of School Shoes cannot be made better and are money savers. Try us and see.

RION & CLAY

PUT OUR NAME

On your list when in need of Footwear. Our new stock of Shoes is arriving daily, which comprises all the new shapes and tips—better values than we have ever been able to offer before.

Our Children's School Shoes have been selected with much care, insuring both durability and comfort.

Ask for school-tablets free for the little ones when making your purchases.

Davis, Thomson & Isgrig.

DRESS GOODS.

My importations for this Fall and Winter of Ladies' and Children's Dress Goods exceed in cost of investment \$10,000 any other purchase I ever made in this one line of goods. With forty years' experience in Dry Goods business in Paris I saw it was to your and my interest to secure these goods under the low tariff, consequently I invested every available dollar I had in goods at low prices. The new Dingley tariff bill has already made and will when set fully at work make all classes of Dry Goods fully double in price what they were under the Wilson or low tariff. I have the advantage of this: My goods were bought when cheap, and it is my intention to hold them down as long as a yard of them lasts. If you want to save money in your purchase this Fall and Winter come and see me and examine my stock and hear prices before you invest elsewhere.

G. TUCKER.

529 MAIN ST., PARIS, KY.

1897 NEW HOOSIER WHEAT DRILLS.

Both Shoe and Disk.

Oldest and Most Reliable Built. See them.

For Sale by O. EDWARDS.

Just received: Car of the Celebrated

STEELE SKEIN BIRDSSELL WAGONS

Call and examine before you buy.

O. EDWARDS,

Paris, Ky.

WE ARE ALWAYS AT IT.

Adding new lines, cutting old prices, with a store full of new Fall Goods to show you.

Large line of new Dress goods, strictly wool, 25c a yard. Novelties in Plain and Fancy Dress goods, at 50c; sold everywhere else for 75c to \$1 per yard.

Handsome line of Silks, Velvets and Braids of all descriptions for trimmings.

Penangs, Percales and Fancy Outing Cloths, 5c, 7c and 10c.

Table Linens and Towels, at old prices, notwithstanding tariff advance of 20 per cent.

Notions of all kinds, and in Dress linings, we will save you 25c on the dollar.

Fall Underwear (for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children) of every description, at half the usual price.

Blankets, \$1 kind for 49c, and all-wool at \$2.50 per pair. Splendid line of Bed Comforters.

Full line of Hosiery—one great special being our Ladies' and Children's full seamless, at 10c.

We are the only store in town that carries full line of Zephyrs, Ice Wool and fancy yarns.

We still sell 10-4 Pepperel sheeting at 18c, and extra good bleached and unbleached cotton at 5c.

Family Portraits, life size, Free of charge.

CONDON'S.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, when quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO., FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.

We are also agents for the celebrated Chas. F. Smith Shirt. Full line of samples.

DON'T TRUST EVERY LAUNDRY SIGN YOU SEE

while traveling down street. Consult your friends first whom you see wearing unfrayed, beautifully laundered linen, and you will find when you come to inquire whose laundry they patronize that it was



The Bourbon Steam Laundry.

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO., Proprietors. Telephone No. 4.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP,
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

THE FIRST RED LEAF.

What is that which the eye perceives
Glowing among the thick green leaves?
Is it an oriole perched to rest,
Or a tanager, with his livid vest?
Or a lonely grosbeak, left behind,
Forgotten by all his gorgeous kind?
Alas, for summer—and woe for me—
'Tis the first red leaf on the dogwood tree!

Ah, why, for the grass is not yet sere;
No blight betokens the falling year;
A late rose reigns on her thorny throne,
All the fairer because alone,
And nods and smiles in the sunny noon,
As sweet and perfect as those of June;
Why hint at winter and storm to be,
O first red leaf on the dogwood tree?

One orphaned lily leans pale and tall,
Last of its line, by the fished wall,
The salvia tosses its brilliant plume,
The bright nasturtiums are yet in bloom,
And dahlias, crimson and gold and white,
Waste their beauty, awake all night,
Yet here, with its sorrowful prophecy,
Is the first red leaf on the dogwood tree!

The knapweed swings by the meadow path
Where mowers gather the aftermath;
The first pale aster has begun
To hint that the torrid days are done,
The fringy sprays of the golden-rod
Are spreading their spendthrift wealth
Abroad,
And, while they charm us, we need not see
The first red leaf on the dogwood tree!

—Elizabeth Akers, in Youth's Companion.

A DOG CATCHER CAUGHT.

IT IS hardly to be doubted that the most heartily despised set of persons on the face of the earth are the dog catchers.

The oldest man now living cannot remember the day when he heard a kindly word uttered in behalf of the snarlers of vagabond canines. It is an article of faith in some localities and among certain people that Ishmael owed his unpopularity and utter isolation to the presumed fact that he was unwisely enough to hire out as a garnerer of surplus dogs.

Just now the Chicago dog catchers are experiencing their regular fall carnival of assault and battery, and the people whose pets they lure or drag away are offering up their ancient and time-honored testimony, which is to the effect that most wire wielders are thieves who go on private property to steal good and valuable dogs, while utterly ignoring the measly curs which are alleged to throng the streets without hindrance.

It is the same story which is told of dog catchers in all worlds and at all times. And, unfortunately, in many cases, it turns out to be the truth, for the men on the big wagon have a shrewd idea of the great profit arising out of the harvesting of high-class dogs and holding them for ransom. There was a man of that kind once in Council Bluffs, Ia., but he was discouraged out of the business. His name was Whimble, and he has reduced the dog traffic to a science. He paid very little attention to the untaged vagrants of the canine species, but give him a good chance at some good man's St. Bernard or foxhound and he would climb electric light towers and get his wire noose over the head of the quarry. He was clever about it, too, and although the owners of good dogs hired detectives to watch him, with a hope of getting a criminal case against him, he always succeeded in eluding the sharp eyes of the sleuths, and would, indeed, by careful maneuvering, even while closely pursued, slip around into a back yard, loose a fine hunting spaniel from his kennel and entice it out into the alley, where, with the support and backing of the law, he would clap his noose over the beast's head. Valuable dogs had the fondest passion for losing their tags about 15 minutes before Whimble's arrival in the neighborhood. The explanation of the phenomenon was never clearly given, but at any rate Whimble succeeded in finding more good dogs without their passports than any other dog catcher who ever lived in that city. And, once caught, it cost quite a neat bit of money to ransom such a victim.

Bill Boyer, a printer and a statesman, was a dog fancier who for six weary years suffered at Whimble's hands. He whipped the man thrice, but as the dog catcher was always able to make a fair showing that he had been inside the lines of the law the fines imposed upon Boyer amounted to more than the bribes which he was obliged to pay Whimble for the release of his impounded pets. Boyer at last worked the thing down to a system. One year he would whip Whimble and pay a fine of \$22.30 and the next he would give the dog catcher the amount of his claim for the catching of his dogs—usually about \$20. The former course cost more, but Boyer calculated that he got at least \$3.40 worth of satisfaction out of breaking Whimble's visage. The printing man would regularly pay the city for his dog licenses, but as regularly the tags would disappear in some mysterious manner, and Whimble would get action.

Boyer at last decided to take extreme measures in the matter of Whimble and his dogs. One of the finest pointers sickened and died one day, and instead of giving it the usual respectful and sorrowful burial Boyer sent the body over the river to a taxidermist and had it stuffed in a most artful way.

"Make it lying down," he said to Golbert, the taxidermist; "lying down, with its head standing up in the air." And so it was fashioned.

"Now, then," said Bill, "I want you to fairly lie that dog's hair with little, fine wires. Make it so that there'll be a metallic surface to meet anything that comes in contact with the coat." Which was also arranged.

Boyer took his prepared dog home, and, waiting for the opening of the dog-catching season, he set about perfecting his plans. By the time Whimble was due to go on his rounds all was ready, and Boyer took his dog out and set it down on a rubber mat on the front porch. This was at night, and early the next morning the despised Whimble, sneaking along in Boyer's neighborhood—for he always made for the home of the dog fancier on the first day of his resumption of business—caught sight of the spaniel in the early morning semilight.

"That's Dodger," he murmured to himself. "Boyer'll pay ten dollars out of hand to get him back once I catch him." And he looked carefully about to see if he was observed.

"I'll get him quick 'an' take the tag off him before he can give a yelp," said Whimble, softly, "an' then I'll be ready to swear he was runnin' 'round out here, barkin' at me as I was goin' by."

Whimble, as has been said, saw the dog. But, alas, there was an invisible thing of which he took no cognizance. And that invisible thing was the heavy copper wire which ran from the trolley line over to Boyer's house and down alongside the porch, whereon Dodger lay waiting for the door to open. And if the man had seen it, do you think he would have stopped to calculate that the dog was loaded with enough electricity to keep 16 trains busily plying between Omaha and Council Bluffs—that the beast's life and vitality came not from a collection of sesame seeds and temporals and livers and lights, but from a lot of 20-ton wheels in a power house two miles away? Hardly.

Certainly he thought nothing of the kind. But standing on the well-watered lawn of Bill Boyer—and oh, how carefully the man of types and stump speeches had sprinkled that lawn on the night before!—he poised his wire noose for action, and leaning over the rail slipped it about the dog's uplifted head and gave a quick jerk, the purpose of which was to choke his prey into immediate silence.

The school books used to say that if a man lived on the planet Neptune he would be able to jump over the Washington monument, or thereabouts.

For a moment Whimble seemed to believe that his home was in Neptune, and that he wanted to get back there right away. He gave one leap aloft and turned a few dozen times like a sort of a "day-fireworks" brand of pinwheel. He alighted on the back of his neck when he came down, but being a courageous sort of villain in some ways, and believing that the dog was stronger than he ever calculated upon, he hung grimly to the wire and abused the beast's character while volts and amperes and time cards and bell punches and other things connected with the



"HELP! HELP!" HE CRIED.

street car service of Council Bluffs shot through him. But even as he talked in a strange language he continued in motion.

"You cussed fool of a bum printer's dog!" he shouted, as the stuffed and electrified one jounced over against him. "Let go o' my leg! Oh, thunder and lightning!" as an especially heavy jolt struck him and sent him about 42 feet upward. "Quit bitin' me! Get out! Let go! If I kick—you—once you'll—"

To do him justice, Whimble was a game dog catcher, but at last—which is to say after about nine seconds—even he had to give in.

"Help! Help!" he cried. "This dog is eatin' me alive! Hel-l-l-l!"

"Let go your wire, you fool!" called William Boyer from his front window, for even he felt merciful at last. Whimble loosened his grip on the wire and the dog rolled in one direction and he himself collapsed against a fence post on the other side of the lot.

The many and interesting things which Boyer said to Whimble when he came out upon the lawn are not matters of history. It was plain enough, even to the dog thief, that at last he had been caught in flagrant trespass, and his defiance was gone. He begged Boyer to tie him together and send him home in some kind of cart so that he could die peacefully.

"Your dog like to killed me," he said. "I never seen such a savage brute." Which remark gave Boyer an idea, and he declared, with great pathos, that Whimble had murdered his best pet, and figured up its worth, which was, strange to say, just equal to the ransoms he had himself paid in the past. And he compelled Whimble to pay him the amount that day.

That made Whimble and Boyer square, but the street railway people wondered for three weeks why the cars had all stopped for ten inexplicable seconds that busy morning.—Chicago Record.

—At a German picnic in Emporia, Kan., the chief refreshment was beer, 382 gallons of which were consumed. The partakers of this exhilarating beverage were extremely jolly until they learned that the treasurer had skipped with the entire receipts of the picnic.—\$175.

Eminent's Practical.
"That man says there are carloads of gold at the Klondike."
"Is he a practical miner?"
"I guess he must be. He says he's not going to give up his position as watchman to go up and dig for it."—Washington Star.

They Were Grateful.
"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"
Was the theme of the spinster's song; And all who occasionally look on the wine Applauded her loudly and long.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.



"I'm sorry to hear you have been ill. Had you to keep your bed?"
"No, miss; I had to sell it."—Pick-Me-Up.

Solution of an Old Problem.
The sewing circle owed a debt On the pastor's pulpit chair, And when at last the claim was met It made the circle square.
—Chicago Tribune.

Realism.
A literary bohemian is at work on a great naturalistic novel. "The Marchioness," he writes, "became as white as a shirt." Glancing at the very moment at his own wrist bands, he is seized by a scruple and adds: "whiter even than a shirt."—Masque de Fer.

Sweetly Silent.
All mankind loves an old spinet— We love its air of other days; And then—'tis always out of tune, So, on it no one ever plays.
—Detroit Free Press.



TWO DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN TOURISTS.

Unkind.
Mrs. Earlywed—I didn't accept Algy the first time he proposed.
Friend—I know you didn't.
Mrs. Earlywed—How do you know?
Friend—You weren't there.—Boston Traveler.

Reward of Frankness.
Miss Fosdick—Sue Gazzam is a girl of engaging frankness.
Miss Kedick—I should say she was. She frankly told Mr. Ricketts that she loved him and now they are engaged.—Detroit Free Press.

Compensation.
"We ought not to fret when annoyed by our children."
"Why?"
"When they grow up they will get paid back by their children."—Chicago Record.

A Reliable Sign.
Hewitt—It's going to be a hard winter.
Jewett—I guess I know it. I saw two coal dealers talking together to-day.—Town Topics.

Amateur Art.
We have to tell lots of lies— It ought to make us quake— About these kodak pictures which Our friends and neighbors take.
—Chicago Record.

He Had a Good Excuse.
Mrs. Benham—I don't understand why you want to drink.
Benham—Of course you don't; you've never had a wife.—Judge.

A Desirable Better Half.
Col. D. T. Bourbon (gazing at the snake charmer)—"Pon mah 'onah, I'm mos' tempted tuh marry that woman!"
—N. Y. Journal.

A Lost Opportunity.
Why weeps the woman comfortless? Her hands why doth she wring? The paper's full of bargain ads.— She doesn't need a thing.
—Chicago Journal.

She Removed Her Veil.
"May I kiss your hand?" he asked.
"She removed her veil." "No," she replied; "I have my gloves on."—Tit-Bits.

Never Satisfied.
"There's no such thing as satisfying some people," said the iceman, as he looked the second time at the scales to make sure that he hadn't given the right weight; "in summer time people grumble because the ice at their door runs away, and in winter they kick because it don't."—Yonkers Statesman.

Frightened Half to Death.
"You see, my dear," said Mr. Young-husband to his wife, triumphantly, at three a. m. the other morning, "the moment I begin to sing to baby she is quite quiet."
"Yes," said his wife; "she is easily frightened, poor little thing."—Tit-Bits.

Supremacy in French.
Papa—So Emily stands at the head of her class in French?
Mamma—Yes. She and another girl were exactly even in the written examinations, but it was decided that Emily shrugged her shoulders more correctly.
—Collier's Weekly.

How It Could Be Used.
Rev. Longface—Remember, my young friend, there are some things in life better than money.
Young Fastpace—Yes, I know that; but it takes money to buy 'em.—Brooklyn Life.

A Trifle Uncertain.
Daisy—Which is your favorite—a blond or brunette?
Charlie (a little uncertain)—It's a funny thing, you know, but it doesn't make the slightest difference to me in the dark.—Town Topics.

Generosity.
"You've got an awful cold, Smithers. Why don't you go to a doctor and get him to give you something for it?"
"Give me something for it! Man, he can have it for nothing and welcome."—Erie Dispatch.

His Reason.
First Counterfeiter—I wish people in general were like congress.
Second Counterfeiter—Why?
First Counterfeiter—A bad bill would be easier to pass than a good one.—Puck.

That Must Be the One.
Hojack—A writer in a Boston paper discusses the Impossible Dollar.
Tomdick—That must be the dollar a fellow tries to borrow.—Detroit Free Press.



Making Himself Plain.
Yeast—What did you mean by saying that last book of Penman's made you smile?
Crimsonbeak—I meant it drove me to drink.—Yonkers Statesman.

Different from Some Cows.
You will notice in life's voyage, While floating down the stream, That the milk of human kindness Seldom raises any cream.
—Chicago News.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.



Irate Merchant.—I thought you said this safe was burglar-proof?
Agent—Well, what more proof do you want of burglars than that?—Leslie's Weekly.

Results.
While wise women frame advice How each girl may catch a man, Silly women all get husbands, And without a shred of plan.
—Chicago Record.

Its Only Few.
"That story would be good if it were not for one thing."
"What is that?"
"It isn't."—Chicago Post.

Sister Got the Sash.
Young Sister—Mabel, here comes Capt. Goldmore! Now, decide quickly. Either you give me your new sash, or I stick to this seat like a limpet!—Punch.

Personal Property.
He—And you say those are your friend's own teeth?
She—Oh, yes; I was with her when she bought them.—Yonkers Statesman.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

DOGS MADE USEFUL.

In Belgium and Holland They Are Made to Draw Milk Carts.

But now I have come over to Belgium and Holland, and I see things here that I could not see in the states. I want to tell you how a great many of the vehicles on the streets in the cities are drawn. They are drawn by dogs, and I have seen as high as five good-sized dogs hitched to one cart. Nearly all the milk carts and bread carts are drawn by dogs. The carts are made like an American handcart, with two heavy wheels, about as heavy as the front wheels of a narrow-tired American wagon. The dogs are sometimes hitched in front of the cart and sometimes under the cart. When there are but one or two, they are hitched so that they walk right under the bed and between the wheels. Often the axle of the cart has an arch in it so that the dogs walk right in the arch. The dogs usually wear good leather collars, made in a harness shop, and the traces are



PEDDLING MILK IN BELGIUM.

fastened to the legs or the body of the cart.

The picture is one made from a photograph taken in Brussels, Belgium. The milk is usually retailed by women. It is surprising to see some of the large loads the dogs draw. It is a common thing to see two men or women sitting upon the cart with a half-dozen cans in the back of the bed, and going along the street.

They have another very common method of doing work on their farms that we rarely see in the states—that is, with cattle. It is a common thing to see a man plow his beets or other crops with one ox or with a cow hitched to a shovel-plow. When they work an animal single they have a collar and harness, and a bridle with a bit that goes in the mouth, the same as we work a horse. Sometimes you see two animals hitched together—a cow and a bull, or two cows. To me it looks very much out of place to see two old milch cows hitched to a big load of wheat, but it is common here.

These people here know what it is to work. They cut every bit of their grain with the hand sickle. They raise magnificent crops of everything. Everything depends on manure, and nothing goes to waste. They are doing here what we in the states call intensive farming, but I don't think that there is anything in the states like this. A man can't come over here and not learn some valuable lessons. We have seen nothing like it in England or any place we have been. The tillage is better and the crops are better and I feel quite safe in saying that they are better farmers than the English farmers. But these men are very poor breeders. Their horses and cattle are bad. The Belgian cattle are very much like the Holstein cattle, but instead of being black and white, many are red and white. Some are just like the Holstein cattle. I have got some interesting lessons from the dairy industry of this country, but shall do a good bit more in the next few weeks in that line.—P. F. Pfarr, in Ohio Farmer.

FACTS ABOUT GARLIC.

Most of That Used in This Country Comes from Italy.

About three-quarters of the garlic used in this country is imported from Italy. It comes in hampers containing about 110 pounds each. Garlic is raised in this country in Connecticut, in Louisiana, in Texas and in New Mexico. All garlic, both imported and American, is put up in strings of bunches, something like the bunches in which onions were once commonly sold in this country, but much larger. American garlic is shipped in crates and barrels; some from the far southwest comes in long cylindrical baskets.

Garlic is sold by the pound or by the single bulb, which is sold for a penny. In its commercial form, whole and dry, garlic does not yield the strong smell for which it is famous. In a wholesale produce establishment, where garlic was stacked up in quantities, there was no noticeable odor from it. But if one of the several smaller bulbs of which each root is composed and which are called cloves of garlic be broken off and broken in two the powerful odor becomes perceptible.

The aggregate consumption of garlic in this country is large, and our exports of it to South American countries, which include American garlic and imported garlic reshipped, amount to enough to be reckoned in tons.—N. Y. Sun.

Solids in Pure Milk.

Many people are surprised to learn that milk which is liquid has a larger proportion of solid contents than have many articles of food. Milk averages 85 per cent. of solid matter, of which a considerable part is albumen. It is this which coagulates with heat, and still more when rennet is used. Potatoes are 80 per cent. moisture, though when the potato is cooked the starch in it expands, making it seem much heartier food than it is. The solid of the potato is mainly starch. That of milk is divided between casein, butter fats and sugar, the last of which is found in whey, which, even though it be soured, shows by that fact that it has had some sugar in it.

KEEP ON AGITATING.

It's the Only Way to Arouse Interest in Good Roads.

The difficulty in arousing interest in the cause of improved highways has often surprised those who were convinced of their importance, and has sometimes discouraged them. It is ten years, now, since the league instituted its active and aggressive good roads campaign. Great results have been achieved, but there is yet much to be done. There are still extensive rural districts in which the people are apathetic, in spite of the efforts of the press and of organized clubs all over the country.

In the more sparsely settled districts, and especially in many parts of the west, it is claimed that activity in railroad construction has prevented expenditure of much energy and capital in building good roads. The people and the state legislatures are interested in the railway "problem"; they are agitating for railroad facilities—working to secure them—and until this is accomplished the question of better wagon roads is in abeyance. In the older states, such as Massachusetts and New Jersey, where so much has been done, the growth of railroad building has nearly reached its maximum, so that with their denser population they are in a position to take hold of their common roads.

But even allowing for all this, it is proving a slow task to awaken all classes of the population to the positive values to them of better roads. In commencing on the conditions that exist in Kansas, the Topeka Capitol says that "the farmers of such states as Kansas, where the roads are as bad as they possibly can be, and where the loss is heaviest to the producers who are obliged to stay out of the market during an important part of the year because of impassable roads, apparently pay no attention to this all-important subject. It is the conservative and careful estimate of the government at Washington that the people of the United States lose every year no less than \$600,000,000 by reason of impassable or defective roads, the loss being mainly borne by the farmers. It requires the entire wheat crop every year to pay the loss to farmers occasioned by bad roads. This is no fanciful estimate, but is below rather than above the truth. Students of road making who are familiar with the results of the excellent roads of old world countries estimate that bad roads cost the western farmers 25 per cent. of everything they buy. There is in reality no subject of more importance to the farmers than road improvement, and there is none in which the average farmer takes less apparent interest. No state in the union has more to gain by active road reform, beginning with the adoption of wide tires, than Kansas. It has been profitable elsewhere to remit the road tax of all farmers using wide tires, and no doubt the same policy would work to advantage in this state."

The present time is a good one to increase the agitation for highway improvement. If the matter is brought forcibly to the attention of the farmers, they may be made to realize its direct importance to them. Crops are abundant and find ready sale. With the coming wet weather and deteriorating roads will come an object lesson which should be used by the press and all good roads advocates to strengthen their arguments. The farmer can then count in dollars and cents the loss entailed on him from inability to get to market easily and cheaply. He is in a better position now than he has been for some time to undertake the work. No other investment will pay him so well.

In some sections these facts are appreciated and every effort is being made to secure road improvements. County Commissioner Clark, in Pennsylvania, says: "I have never seen in Allegheny county such enthusiasm as there is over this movement. Everybody is interested. The law is well received everywhere, and people go out of their way to get the facts before us. The office is crowded daily with delegations, and the people meet us when they know we are coming and furnish all the information they can, even as in the case of the Windgap road, getting up plans at their own expense." Such conditions offer great encouragement to further work, and should prove a strong incentive.—Good Roads.

FEEDING THE ORCHARD.

How to Improve the Physical Quality of Poor Soils.

To provide vegetable matter and to improve the physical quality of poor soils, apply barnyard manure once in four years in fall or winter at the rate of five or ten tons per acre. To aid in the decomposition of vegetable matter and to insure a sufficiency of lime and plant food, apply lime at the rate of 25 bushels per acre once in five years. To provide, in addition, an abundance of all forms of the available plant food at the time of need for development of tree and fruit, apply annually chemical fertilizers in the following proportions: Nitrate of soda, 100 pounds; South Carolina rock superphosphate, 100 pounds; ground bone, 200 pounds; muriate of potash, 200 pounds. The amounts to be applied depend on the character of the soils, the kind of fruit and the age and vigor of the trees. By the introduction of clover we have a plant admirably adapted to cheaply supply nitrogenous vegetable matter for orchards, and its growth is to be recommended instead of barnyard manure.—Director Voorhees, New Jersey Experiment Station.

Loading the Farm Wagon.

The custom of loading farm wagons so that the heaviest weight is upon the front wheels is all wrong and adds materially to the draft, says an exchange. The heaviest weight should be carried by the hind wheels. This has been proven by official and careful test.

The separator takes out all the fat and makes more butter.

HUMOROUS.

—“What are all those ribbons hanging on the chandelier?” “Those are not ribbons; they are neckties. I’ve pulled off different men when I was learning to ride a wheel.”—Chicago Record.

—Ferguson—“It says here that no foreigner is allowed to be 48 hours on Turkish territory without a pass.” Nixon—“It must be tough on the railroads that have to issue them.”—Boston Transcript.

—Mr. Dunham—“I have called, sir, to tell you that your daughter, Miss Fannie, and I love each other very dearly. I want to ask you for her.” Old Mill—“Well, you’ll have to wait awhile. There’s no vacancy in the store now that I could put you into.”—Cleveland Leader.

—Ragles—“Wot yer doin’, Weary, wid de teller?” Weary—“Lookin’ fer work.” Ragles—“Lookin’ fer wot? Wot fer?” Weary—“So’s I kin avoid it. I wuz jest sizin’ up de houses ’round here ter see ef I can’t strike one dat keeps a gasline in instid uv a wood pile.”—Judge.

—“Fwat’s this I hear about you soakin’ in a Chinymen wid a brick?” asked Mr. Hogan. “Niver let me hear av th’ like again. Always br-reak a brick in two and soak your man twice. You young Americans are much too wasteful.”—Indianapolis Journal.

—Visitor—“What! He is three months old and you haven’t named him yet?” Mrs. Wheeler—“No! You see, it’s this way: I want to name him after my bicycle, and John insists on naming him after his. I guess we will have to compromise and name him after the wheel mother rides.”—Puck.

—“Yesterday,” said Jabson, “I refused a supplicant woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time.” “Your softness of heart does you credit,” said Mabson; “who was the woman?” “My wife.”—Detroit Free Press.

POPE LEO XIII.’S BIRTHDAY.

Carpinetto in the Apennines, the Peccati Palace and the Pope’s Bedroom.

Count Ludovico Peccati, nephew of Leo XIII., and his wife, Donna Vittoria, have given, in honor of the pope’s name day, a great reception at Carpinetto, the birthplace of the Pontiff, where they live. Carpinetto is a mountain village with about 5,000 inhabitants, and is picturesquely situated on the top of a peak of the Lepini mountains. Being surrounded by points much higher, and snow-capped at some seasons, it is really very beautiful. It is far from railways. One has to drive five hours in the diligence in order to reach it, and it has thus kept much of its primitive character. The inhabitants are very poor, mostly shepherds. The women, starting early in the morning, sometimes go 15 miles to gather wood. When they are employed in cultivating the land they do not earn more than four or five pence a day.

The present village was, in the middle ages, a rather important town. It was, with its surroundings, a duchy, first under the Caetani, to which family belonged Boniface VIII., who had his ears boxed by a Sciarra-Colonna at Anagni, and later under the Aldobrandini, to which belonged Clement VIII. For two centuries, however, the most important family there has been that of the Peccati, although they originally came from Siena. The Peccati own the only building which can be called a palace, and half of the environs. From their palace, which is built on the highest ground the outlook is grand toward the mountains and picturesque looking down over the roofs of the medieval town. The interior is much more sumptuous than one would expect in that half-wild district. There are vast anterooms and magnificent halls, hung with tapestry and large family portraits.

The portrait of the pope’s mother represents her as handsome and dignified, and that of his father, in his uniform of colonel (he served under Napoleon I.) as a good-looking man, in whose features can be found traces resembling his celebrated son. Leo is also there. The likeness is an exceedingly good one—more than can be said of his brother, Cardinal Giuseppe Peccati, who died in 1890 at the age of 83, a rigid Jesuit, who had a rooted objection to posing in any form for his picture. Among the portraits there of persons not belonging to the family, is one of Duke Loubat, an American ennobled by Leo XIII., who has erected three or four statues of the pope in different churches.

The room occupied by the present Pontiff when he resided in Carpinetto is still called “Camera di Monsignore,” and has not been disturbed. It is very modestly furnished, having a little bed with curtains, a small writing desk near a window, a picture of the Madonna, a portrait of the Blessed Margaret Peccati, an ancestress of his, and a few chairs.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Where Mustaches Are Barred.

Time was in England when the employees of banks might not wear beards or mustaches. This restriction has in almost every instance long been removed. One exception still remains. The historic house of Coutts, where royalty keeps its private accounts, declines to alter the rule of a bygone age, and visitors to its ancient walls will note that its employees present a remarkably trim and smart appearance. The younger clerks yearning for those hirsute adornments so dear to budding adolescence have recently memorialized the partners on this subject, but, alas! without success.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Guess.

“I’m opposed to horse racing. I think the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should step in and put a stop to it.”

“Well, old man, I’m sorry for you. That’s all I can say.”

“Sorry for me? What do you mean?”

“Oh, of course you had your money on the wrong horse.”—Cleveland Leader.

A HELPLESS FARMER.

William Stimpson Stricken with Paralysis of His Lower Limbs—Caused by Overwork.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

Many of our readers may remember an item in this paper a year ago last fall which stated that Mr. William Stimpson, a well-to-do farmer, living near Rugby, Ind., had been stricken with paralysis of the lower limbs, and his recovery was doubtful.

The case which was an unusually severe and complicated one has at last been entirely cured, to the utmost surprise and joy of Mr. Stimpson and his family.

Mr. Stimpson was pleased to relate to a reporter the particulars regarding his case, and his subsequent recovery.

“A year ago last fall,” began Mr. Stimpson, “I did a large amount of work. My hired help left me in the middle of corn cutting, and when I finished the fall work myself, I did an unusual large amount of work. I put up several hundred shocks of fodder, and also husked all my corn. To accomplish this I had to work early and late.

About the first of December, as I was getting my fall work about done, I suffered a stroke of paralysis, which the physician said was brought on by excessive labor. My left limb was entirely helpless and my right limb was fast becoming so. My physician became uneasy, and after attending upon me for a week or so, he brought me a box of Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills for Pale People, saying that he believed they would do me more good than anything which he knew of, as he had used them with great success in a case very similar to mine, when all other remedies had failed. The case in question was that of L. Phillips, of Petersburg.

“About the time I began taking the second box of these pills a decided change was made in the case. I had taken two boxes, we discovered that I was actually getting well. You can probably imagine what a relief and feeling of gladness this was to me, after being confined to my bed for nearly two months. Well, I kept on taking the pills according to directions, until I had consumed nine boxes of them, which completely cured me.

“I am sound and well to-day, with not a sign of the returning affliction and can assure you that Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills for Pale People did me a wonderful good and probably saved me from the grave.”

To allay all doubt as to the truth of his statement, Mr. Stimpson made out the following sworn affidavit:

Witness, Ind., Feb. 2, 1897.

“This is to certify that I do hereby swear that the foregoing statement is absolutely true.”

WILLIAM STIMPSON.

COUNTY OF BARTHOLOMEW, ss.

STATE OF INDIANA.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, a Justice of the Peace, in and for said county in said State.

ABNER NORMAN.

Justice of the Peace.

The New Era was also informed that Mrs. Charles Williams, of the same neighborhood, had been cured of rheumatism, and Henry Johnson, of Hartsville, who was troubled with neuralgia, was also cured by Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills. It seems that this remedy is in great demand in that neighborhood.

Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. These pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams’ Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

PARROTS HAD THE LAUGH.

Instructor of Infants Meets Difficulties in the Park Zoo.

She was a prim, close-fitted looking young woman in a dark dress, and as she walked through the Lincoln park zoo with a body guard of ten mild little girls explaining matters generally, the monkeys yawned and murmured with that tired feeling.

“Kiddergarten—seen ‘em before.”

She paused before the parrot’s cage, adjusted her eyeglasses on her classic nose, and prepared to enlighten the innocent mind of youth.

“These are parrots, girls. Mamie may spell parrot.”

“Par-rut,” spelled one of the small maidens.

“Rot, Mamie, ‘rot,’” said the fair Minerva, serenely.

“Rot, Mamie, rot, rot, rot,” yelled the little gray parrot that laughs, and a sympathetic chorus took up the refrain. Minerva reddened, and the maidens giggled.

“How annoying!” she went on. “These birds, girls, have the power of articulation and if carefully instructed are capable of almost perfect mimicry; but while possessing this gift of mimicry, they have no reason to guide the import of their utterances as the human consciousness has, and consequently are unable to converse intelligently, being simply echoes so far as speaking is concerned.”

The big green and red parrot stood on another leg and eyed Minerva with microscopic scrutiny.

“You understand,” she continued, “they have no mind and consequently no personality. When discovered in their natural state they are as other birds; but upon being associated with human beings they rapidly acquire the use of the peculiarly shaped larynx, which, as science tells us, enables them to articulate. The theory has been propounded that at the time of protoplasm.”

But Polly felt ill with baleful resentment. “O, rats!” he broke out. “You ain’t so nice.”

And the gray parrot laughed in diabolical glee as the kindergarteners were hastily led to where the canaries warbled.—Chicago Tribune.

AN INSPIRATION.

She Would Show Her Strawberry Mark for Identification.

“There,” she said as she finally got the check properly indorsed, and handed it to the paying teller; “I’d like to have the money, please.”

The young man scanned it carefully, and then looked at her.

“Is there anything wrong with it?” she inquired, apprehensively.

“No; I am sure it’s all right. Only we have our rules here, and before we can let you have the money you will have to be identified.”

“But the friends I am visiting took a trip into the country with my mother this morning.”

“Then you will have to wait till to-morrow.”

“But I need the money to do some shopping this afternoon.”

“I’m very sorry.”

“It’s absolutely necessary to be identified,” she asked, plaintively.

“Absolutely.”

“Well, I suppose I can manage it. Will the bank be open for an hour?”

“Yes.”

“Then I’ll hurry home and put on my evening gown. It’s a great deal of trouble, but it’s the only way, and I’m glad I happened to think of it.”

“I don’t quite understand.”

“Why, I have a strawberry mark on my right shoulder; and everybody who has read anything at all knows that there isn’t any better identification than a strawberry mark.”—Washington Star.

As To His Photograph.

Cholly! I don’t think the photographer caught me expression, do you?

She—I don’t see any, Puck.

FRENCH MENUS.

They Are a Thing of the Past, and English Is Now Used.

A gentleman who had noted the tendency upon the part of the restaurateurs of late to have their menu entirely in English, asked one of them what brought about the change from the old way, when French was the popular form for every menu in first-class establishments. He said:

“A change of time and a change of taste. There was a time when restaurants could charge very big prices. It was in good times, and people didn’t care much what they paid so that the service was up to the very best. Then we put the bill of fare in French as a gentle deception. Few could read French, and when they ordered pommes de terre they were under the impression they were getting a French dish when, in fact, they were getting plain everyday murphies with the jackets on.”

“I remember many funny cases. At one time I had a couple of young people at a table and at the close of the meal they ordered cafe au lait, just because it brought up the question of coffee. When they were served with coffee and cream they were surprised, and the waiter said the girl said to her beau: ‘Well, I know enough French now to know that kaf au lait is coffee. I won’t take me long to learn French, Willie, if you keep coming here.’

“Another thing. In the old days the French was a gentle deception. A man who ordered pommes de terre, say, was willing to pay a quarter for them, but he would have kicked like a mule to be called upon to pay that for imperfect hearing, and when it came to roast beef and beefsteak now, and French dishes don’t go. I guess the nation is getting more and more to have pride in America and all things that are American.”—Cincinnati Commercial Telegraph.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall’s Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Sold by Druggists, J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Hall’s Family Pills are the best.

Helpless.

Mamma—Well, Henry, Laura told me this morning that Mr. Loggins intended to call on you to-day for the purpose of asking you for your hand. Do you see him?

Papa—Yes, he called.

“And what did you say?”

“What could I say? Isn’t he one of the greatest center rushes in the country? You didn’t expect me to commit suicide, did you?”—Cleveland Leader.

Stain by Poison.

Not the poison that the covert assassin administers in the drink, the food, or some other guise, but the poison of malaria shortens the lives of myriads. There is a safe and certain antidote, Hostetter’s Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, but roots out its seeds when they have germinated. Dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatic, liver and kidney trouble are conquered by the Bitters.

A Careful Borrower.

“Pa sent me over to borrow your lawn mower. An’ he says wouldn’t you prefer to sharpen it yourself?”

“Why should I prefer to sharpen it?”

“Cuz he says he is awfully about such things an’ he might turn the edge.”—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen’s Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It’s the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen’s Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, colds, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Similar Experiences.

“Did you ever run after a ferryboat only to find that it was coming in?”

“Oh, yes, and at the time I was courting my wife and thought I was winning out. I could hardly fight, she and all her relatives were combined in an effort to make my escape impossible.”—Philadelphia North American.

Largest in the World.

The Star tobacco factory at St. Louis is the largest in the world. The buildings are in two rows: 2400 feet on Park and 2400 feet on Folsom avenue, with a total width of 271 feet. You will discover the reason for this marvelous growth if you give Star plug tobacco a trial.

I count life just to try the soul’s strength on.—Robert Browning.

Trifle with sprains and they cripple. Use St. Jacobs Oil promptly. It cures.

The man who flirts with servant girls has domestic tastes.—Chicago News.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 1.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common, \$3.25 @ 3.25. Select butchers, 3.90 @ 4.40. CALVES—Fair to good light, 5.75 @ 6.00. HOGS—Common, 3.00 @ 3.35. Mixed packs, 3.30 @ 3.40. Light shippers, 3.50 @ 3.70. SHEEP—Choice, 3.10 @ 3.05. LAMBS—Good to choice, 5.00 @ 5.35. FLOUR—Winter family, 3.50 @ 3.80. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.00 @ .97. No. 3 red, .93 @ .93. Corn—No. 2 mixed, .25 @ .25. Oats—No. 2, .21 1/2 @ .21 1/2. Rye—No. 2, .47 @ .47. HAY—Prime to choice, 9.00 @ 9.00. PROVISIONS—Mess pork, 8.75 @ 8.75. Lard—Prime steam, 4.10 @ 4.10. BUTTER—Choice dairy, 14 @ 18. Prime to choice creamery, 22 @ 25. APPLES—Per bbl., 1.75 @ 2.50. POTATOES—Per bbl., 1.75 @ 2.00.

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Winter patent, 5.00 @ 5.25. No. 2 red, 4.90 @ 5.10. CORN—No. 2 mixed, .25 @ .25. RYE, .41 1/2 @ .41 1/2. OATS—Mixed, .24 1/2 @ .24 1/2. PORT—No. 1, 9.00 @ 9.00. LARD—Western, 4.50 @ 4.50.

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter patent, 5.00 @ 5.10. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, .96 1/2 @ .96 1/2. No. 3 red, .93 @ .93. CORN—No. 2, .25 @ .25. OATS—No. 2, .21 1/2 @ .21 1/2. PORT—Mess, 7.50 @ 7.50. LARD—Steam, 4.20 @ 4.20.

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Family, 4.00 @ 4.85. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2, 1.00 1/2 @ 1.01 1/2. Southern—Wheat, .95 @ 1.01 1/2. Corn—Mixed, .21 1/2 @ .21 1/2. RYE—No. 2 white, .26 1/2 @ .27. Rye—No. 2 western, .54 @ .54. CATFISH—Shenandoah, 4.10 @ 4.40. HOGS—Western, 4.65 @ 4.75.

INDIANAPOLIS.

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2, .92 1/2 @ .92 1/2. Corn—No. 2 mixed, .23 1/2 @ .23 1/2. Oats—No. 2 mixed, .19 1/2 @ .19 1/2.

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Winter patent, 3.75 @ 4.00. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2, .92 @ .92. Corn—Mixed, .25 @ .25. Oats—Mixed, .20 1/2 @ .20 1/2. PORT—Mess, 7.50 @ 7.50. LARD—Steam, 4.45 @ 4.45.

Pictures Tell the Story

Of how everything looks in South Dakota as the result of the great crops of the last three years. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company has had photographs taken of actual farm scenes in South Dakota and has had them reproduced in an attractive eight-page illustrated circular, which it is distributing free of cost to all who are looking for new homes in the most fertile section of the Middle Northwest.

Send your address to H. F. Hunter, Immigration agent for South Dakota, 291 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., or to W. E. Powell, General Immigration agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A Contrast.

Uncle Mose—“Whad yo’ doin’ wif white shoes on, yo’ triflin’ black nigger?”

Young Mose—I wuz jes’ tiah’d uv brack shoes. I might ez well gone barefooted fer all de way dey showed up.—Judge.

Take the Air Line

To St. Louis and the West, 63 miles the shortest from Louisville, makes the quickest time, Pullman Sleepers, Parlor and Dining Cars. For complete information address J. P. Maffett, Traveling Passenger Agent, Knoxville, Tenn. R. A. Campbell, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Slow Pay.

Passenger—This is a very slow road.

Brakeman—Very.

“Do you suppose it pays?”

“Yes; pays as it goes.”—Up-to-Date.

Do You Play Whist, Euchre or Other Games?

The F. F. V. playing card is better than any 50 cent card on the market. Send 15 cents for one deck or 25 cents for two decks (stamps or currency) to C. B. Ryan, Ass’t Gen’l Pass’r Agt. C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O.

The man who is always telling how particular he is about his work, is often so particular that he gets nothing done.—Washington Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Nothing is more pathetic than for a real homely girl to get the idea that she is good looking.—Washington Democrat.

Cure your cough with Hale’s Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike’s Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Lots of men find out two or three things about the Bible and then they put in their time arguing.—Washington Democrat.

Can’t bend. Got lumbago? Don’t try. Try St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

Nearly every man at some time has let his full beard grow.—Washington Democrat.

With a rub St. Jacobs Oil Subdues an ache and cures it.

Men are like pins—no good when they lose their heads.—Chicago News.

MRS. PETERSON’S STORY.

I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.

The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham’s Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham’s medicine had not helped me.

Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.

Bruiises go when St. Jacobs Oil is used. No sign remains.

THE YOUTH’S COMPANION.

For all the Family.

52 Times A Year.

To show the varied strength and charm of The Companion’s original features for 1898, we give the following partial list of

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Gold Embossed Calendar Free to New Subscribers.

This Calendar is published exclusively by The Youth’s Companion and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than \$1.00. It consists of three folding parts, each a true reproduction of charming group pictures. See Important Offer.

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Dr. Ayer’s

is the name to remember when buying Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer’s Sarsaparilla has been curing people right along for nearly 50 years. That’s why it is acknowledged to be the sovereign Sarsaparilla. It is the original and the standard. The record of the remedy is without a rival,—a record that is written in the blood of thousands, purified by its healing power.

“I nursed a lady who was suffering from blood poisoning and must have contracted the disease from her; for I had four large sores, or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. At last I purchased six bottles of Ayer’s Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. J. C. Ayer’s Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind.”—Mrs. A. F. TAYLOR, Englewood, N. Dak.

Get Ayer’s Sarsaparilla.

\$1.00 A YEAR FOR DEMOREST’S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

The subscription price of DEMOREST’S is reduced to \$1.00 a Year.

Demorest’s Family Magazine is more than a Fashion Magazine, although it gives the very latest home and foreign fashions each month; this is only one of its many valuable features. It has something for each member of the family, for every department of the household, and its varied contents are of the highest grade, making it, pre-eminently, The Family Magazine of the World. It furnishes the best thoughts of the most interesting and most progressive writers of the day, and is abreast of the times in everything—Art, Literature, Science, Society Affairs, Fiction, Household Matters, Sports, etc.—a single number frequently containing from 200 to 300 fine engravings, making it the MOST COMPLETE and MOST PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED of the GREAT MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

Demorest’s Magazine Fashion Department is in every way far ahead of that contained in any other publication.

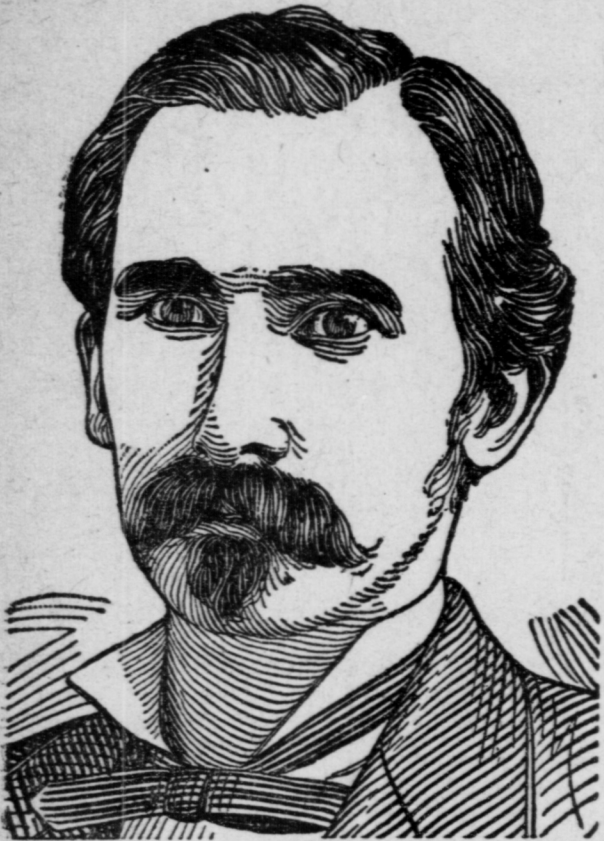
Subscribers are entitled each month to patterns of the latest fashions in women’s attire, at no cost to them other than that necessary for postage and wrapping.

Cold Weather Brings Catarrh.

Though the disagreeable effects of Catarrh are felt all the year round, cold and disagreeable weather aggravates the disease and it is during the winter season that its severest form is felt. Each succeeding year seems to intensify the disease, so that it gradually fastens its hold upon the sufferer with a grasp that becomes firmer each season.

Catarrh often appears as only a cold at first, and is hardly noticed. But gradually the cold returns, and it is more difficult to cure, and stays longer than formerly. These symptoms cannot be mistaken; they mark the first appearance of a disease that will develop in severity and stubbornness, and which it is impossible to cure with the local treatment of sprays, washes, and similar applications. Being a disease of the blood, only a blood remedy can have the slightest effect upon it. S.S.S. (Swift's Specific) is the only cure for Catarrh, because it is the only blood remedy which goes to the seat of all obstructions, and deep-seated cases, and forces out the disease.

Mr. T. A. Williams, a leading merchant of Spartanburg, S. C., writes:



"For four years I had nasal catarrh, and though the case was a mild one at first, it was not long until I noticed that it was gradually growing worse. Of course I was under treatment of first-class physicians, but their remedies were applied locally, and the disease seemed to be getting a firmer hold on me all the while.

"After spending so much money for treatment which proved to be all in vain, I was urged to try S.S.S. This remedy proved to be the right one, for it got at the disease, and a few bottles cured me perfectly. The cure was a permanent one, and I have not had a touch of the disease for many years. Swift's Specific is the only remedy that will have the slightest effect upon Catarrh."

Sufferers from Catarrh should get a start on the disease before the cold weather aggravates it. Those who have been relying upon local treatment will find winter weather is all that is needed to show that the disease is still with them. A course of S.S.S. (Swift's Specific) will prove all assertions made that it is the only cure for Catarrh; it goes to the cause of the trouble—the blood—and forces out all traces of the disease.

Swift's Specific is the only remedy which reaches real obstructions of blood diseases; it cures Catarrh, Rheumatism, Cancer, Contagious Blood Poison, Eczema, Scrofula, and in fact every other disease of the blood. It is guaranteed

Purely Vegetable

and is the only blood remedy containing no potash, mercury or other mineral. Books mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

REAL ESTATE.

W. W. Sudduth's assignee, Plaintiff,
vs.
W. W. Sudduth, Defendant.

By virtue of an order of sale in the above styled action the undersigned will, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1897,
sell publicly at the court-house door in Paris, Ky., at two o'clock p. m., to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate:

Two tracts of land lying in Bourbon County, Ky., and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

TRACT NO. 1.

A tract of 55½ acres of land on the Centerville & Jacksonville turnpike described as follows:
Beginning at a stone corner to Mrs. Rowland's dower, thence S 62½ E 152.4 poles, thence N 5 E 33.3 poles, thence N 94 E 22.56 poles, thence N 24 E 12 poles, thence N 84 E 18 poles, thence leaving the place N 78 W 127.4 poles, thence S 25 N 44.66 poles to the beginning.

TRACT NO. 2.

A tract of 11 acres and 10 poles adjoining the above tract and described as follows:

Beginning at a stone marker, G., on the west of the division of the lands of Levi Sudduth, thence S 27½ E 24.32 poles to a corner to Hawkins; thence S 79 E 65.08 poles to corner to Kelley; thence S 66½ E 8.90 poles to corner to James Rowland; thence S 66½ E 8.90 poles to corner to Sudduth; thence N 25 E 22.94 poles to corner to No. 3 in the division aforesaid, thence N 79 W 72.60 poles to the beginning.

The above tracts will be sold in one or more parcels, bearing interest from day of sale at six per cent., and the purchaser will be required to execute by him or his approved surety, the purchase money pay the bonds at any time after the confirmation of the report of sale.

J. Q. WARD, JR.,
Assignee.

MY PAROQUET.

I had a parrot once, an ugly bird,
With the most wicked eye I ever saw,
Who, though it comprehended all it heard,
Would only say, "Oh, pahaw!"

I did my best to teach it goodly lore,
I talked to it of medicine and law,
It looked as if it knew it all before,
And simply said, "Oh, pahaw!"

I sat me down upon a dry goods box
To stuff sound doctrine down its empty
craw.
It would have none of matters orthodox,
But yawned and said, "Oh, pahaw!"

I talked to it of politics, finance,
I hoped to teach the bird to say "Hurrah!"
For my pet candidates when he'd a chance.
He winked and chirped, "Oh, pahaw!"

I am for prohibition, warp and woof,
But that bird stole hard cider through a
straw.
And tipped and teetered off at my reproof
And thickly said, "Oh, pahaw!"

Enraged, I hurled a bootjack, missed my aim
And plugged a passing stranger in the jaw.
He wheeled to see from whence the missile
came.
The demon laughed, "Oh, pahaw!"

I gave the creature to an old maid aunt
And shook with parting grief its skinny
claw.
"He'll serve to cheer," she said, "my lonely
heart."
For I had married the best man on earth!"
"Oh, pahaw!" sneered Poll. "Oh, pahaw!"
—Emma Herrick Weed in New York Sun.

A CONQUERING HERO.

It was such a pretty scene. The trees had the abundance of verdant foliage that belongs to happy June. The grass seemed more than usually rich and green and the wild flowers more abundant than ever before—there was a rural bridge over a deep, rushing stream that fed a mill dam some distance beyond, and roses clambered over the broken rails of the bridge and twined their wild tendrils about an old tree near by, against which was a rustic seat. On the rustic seat was another rose—a very sweet and fresh and lovely rose in white muslin, with a Marie Antoinette fichu across her breast and knotted at the waist, and a wide leghorn hat on her head that shaded her eyes so cleverly that no beholder could guess that tears were rising there from time to time and dropping on the white mull kerchief. And this had happened so often that the rose might very well be said to be washed in dew.

Her name was Kate, and she was very angry with herself because the tears would fall despite all the indignant things she was saying to herself in her effort to stop their flow, till at last she started to her feet in a dreadful pet and began to walk up and down, crushing the wild flowers under her feet. But that could not continue, for she was a very sweet little woman and could not even hurt a flower without regretting it, and presently she bent her graceful figure and pulled the wild anemones and the few late violets and, having reached the rustic seat, she added a rose or two and sat down.

"It's a perfectly lovely morning," she murmured and pinned the flowers among the folds of the mull kerchief. "I wonder where she has taken the child, because—"

She stopped and looked anxiously about till she saw in the distance the maid and the little boy rambling among the trees and apparently absorbed in gathering wild flowers and chasing butterflies, and the music of the child's laughter was borne to her on the soft, perfumed summer breeze. It was a heavenly sound—a sound to gladden any mother's heart, but Kate Selden sighed and drew from her belt a closely crumpled piece of paper, which she had thrust there in fierce impatience, and as she looked at it the tears, which had not retreated very far, again rose to her eyes.

"Oh, I'm just a dreadful fool," she thought. "A silly, silly little simpleton. And I'm glad he is late, for I wouldn't have him know for anything in this world that I cared enough to cry!"

And smothering out the crumpled paper, she began to read the written words once more, though she already knew them by heart:

"If you will see me on Wednesday, we can talk the matter over. I have spoken with my lawyer, and he has consulted with yours, and a separation can be arranged without any public scandal—at least, I hope so. I would call at the house, but I know your mother hates me worse than ever now, and it would only cause a scene. So if you will come to the old rustic seat close by the bridge—you know where we used to meet in the old, happy days—ah, Kate, if you would only let me tell you everything, you would find that I am not so very much to blame. But I won't speak of that, because, of course, I know you wish to leave me, and I will make no defense. Yes, you shall keep the boy, though I believe the law would give him to me if I chose to fight for my right—no, in that I yield to you entirely. I believe a child belongs to his mother first and before all others. Therefore, I give him to you without asking what the law might say about it, but I do ask that you will let me see him as often as I may wish, for I love him, dear—yes, though you may not believe it, Kate, I love him next to his mother, who is still the dearest on earth to me. There, I didn't mean to say that, but it is written, and let it stay so. I will not offend you again, but be there on Wednesday, any time before noon. I won't be later than 11, and we can arrange all the business details—the lawyers will do the rest."

And by this time the tears were brimming over, but she was so weak and so tired, and instead of crying she was smiling. She folded the paper smoothly and slipped it inside her bodice, where she could feel it rise and fall beneath the surging beating of her heart. She was glad he's late, she repeated, and then she looked at her watch and found it not quite half past four. "Oh, he's late," she said, and then she remembered the boy. "I will go and find him."

And she went, and she found him sitting on the rustic seat, and she saw that he was crying. "What's the matter?" she asked, and he looked up at her and said, "I'm crying because I'm so happy."

and the child." And as she rose there was the cracking of a twig under a hasty footstep, and Kate Selden stood face to face with her husband. He was very pale, and his lips looked pallid and drawn with the effort to keep from trembling. She had flushed deeply when their eyes met, but now the color ebbed away from her girlish face, and she said confusedly:

"I am so glad—I mean, not to keep you waiting. You see I am here first."

"You are very good," he said, "but you are always good. You got my letter?"

"Oh, yes, or I wouldn't have known you were coming here." She moved backward a step and was very glad to drop into the old rustic seat. "It is very generous of you, Sidney, to agree to everything and particularly about baby."

"It is all I can do now—to try to please you," he answered weakly, and the perspiration was like dew on his brow. He took off his hat and stammered something about its being "awfully hot."

"Yes, perhaps you have walked fast. It is very warm, and you look tired. Won't you sit down?" She moved a little farther away to make room for him, and he dropped into the place beside her.

"We used to say there was just room enough for two," he added, with a smile, and she turned her head away, perhaps to pluck a rose, for she snapped one off short and then threw it away.

"Am I to see baby today?" he asked after a few minutes of awkward silence. "I haven't seen him, you know, since?"

"Oh, yes," she answered hurriedly and looking about. "There they are, he and Annette, yonder in the woods. They are coming this way. Oh, Sidney," she cried suddenly turning toward him, "how could you? I can never, never forgive you!"

"I could never dare to ask you."

They were almost the very words of Pauline and Claud. She remembered in a moment that it had been the first play Sidney had taken her to see after they had married and how often they had laughed at that pair of lovers, each dying to forgive and be forgiven and neither daring to say the right word. She used to think she could never be so foolish as that, and now—it was getting very awkward, for this was a far more serious matter, and she knew that she could never, never forgive. What woman could?

And then she heard the laughter and shouts of little Sidney, who had just caught sight of his father and was now running wildly to welcome him. It was a fortunate interruption to a scene that was nearing a painful climax, and she was very glad to take a step or two toward the laughing boy, who was already flying across the bridge, followed by his nurse; then there was a crash, a shriek. The side of the bridge was gaping outward. The maid stood wringing her hands. The golden curls, that had floated a moment above the rushing water, were gone.

It was so sudden, so inexplicable, that the frantic mother could not realize at first what had happened. When she did, the air resounded with her agonized cries, and it was the nurse-girl who was the first to see that Selden had already reached his child just in time.

"Courage, ma'am, courage!" the girl whispered, while she supported her mistress. "See—he is safe! His father has him. Look, look! The darling has his arms about the master's neck, and he's hugging and kissing of him just as if nothing had happened at all!"

The girl assisted her mistress back to the little rustic seat, and when the father and child had reached the young mother little Sidney was already laughing with delight, and as he put one dripping arm about her neck he drew her close till her face touched her husband's face.

"Kate," whispered Selden, "Kate, may I beg forgiveness now?"

"Oh, Sidney, I have been so proud and heartless! I was jealous and vain—and—and—so selfish and unfair! I wouldn't listen to you, and all the time I knew you never cared for that woman! Can you forgive me too?"

"Just give me a chance; that's all." And then two pairs of arms met and clasped each other close about the conquering hero, who seemed to find himself quite suddenly an object of secondary importance.

It then occurred to Annette that Master Sidney would have a dreadful cold unless his dripping garments were changed immediately, so she carried him off in pursuit of dry clothing.—Popular Monthly.

Preparing and Cooking Ducks.

Ducks, in point of quality, rank as follows: Canvasback, redhead, mallard and teal. The canvasback probably outranks everything in the way of game in the estimation of good liver. No seasonings or spices are used in its cooking; none could add to its perfect flavor. Pluck, singe and draw the birds, wiping out the inside with a cloth wet in salt water, never washing. Truss, dust lightly with salt (inside and outside) and bake 25 minutes in a hot oven. Baste often in melted butter and hot water—one part butter to three of water. If preferred rare (conceded the better way), cook only 20 minutes. In serving pour over the liquor yielded in the cooking.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Women's Home Companion.

Unaccountable Ignorance.

As a trolley car turned off from Fulton street, Brooklyn, the other afternoon and came to a standstill a woman got off who attracted attention by her slow and painful movements, and a woman got on who moved with equal slowness and effort. Both were very lame. This incident afforded an opening for the conductor, who said to a passenger on the platform: "It beats all the number of lame people you see lately in this city. I wonder where they all come from."

"Oh, you do, and you the conductor of a trolley car?" was the sarcastic remark of the passenger.—New York Times.

TWIN BROTHERS.



You are cordially invited to inspect the handsomest line of Clothing, Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Shoes, etc., ever displayed in Bourbon County. Not alone being the highest quality of goods but we intend to give the people the benefit of buying them at a less price than other stores can offer. See our new and mammoth

FALL STOCK OF MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING!

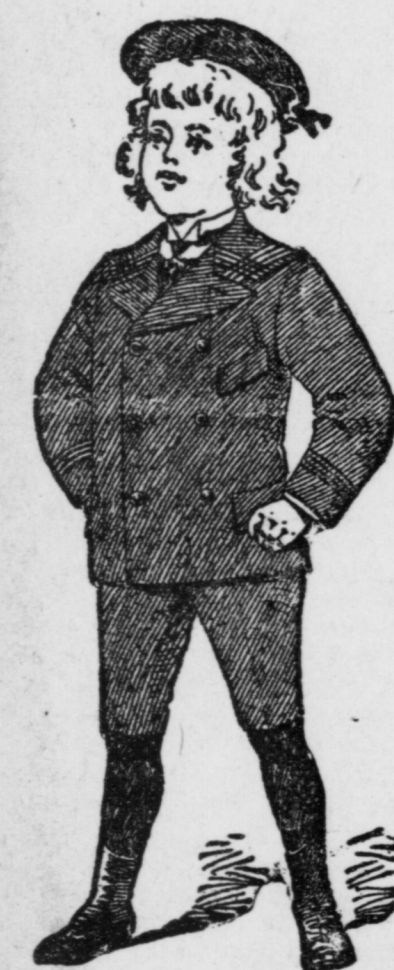
See our beautiful styles in Men's and Boys' and Children's Shirts and underwear. The largest stock and best quality in Men's, Ladies' and Children's shoes. Also, Ladies' and Children's Hats at money-saving prices. New and novel effects in Fall Dress Goods and Silks. Also, Serges, Broadcloth, Henriettes, etc. New Calicoes, Outing Cloths, Wrapper Goods, Flannels, Sateens, Percalines, Comforts, Blankets, Gingham, Jeans, Shirting, Table Linens, Duck Goods, Napkins, Linen Crashes, Ticking, Quilts, Velvets, Fancy Ribbons, Hosiery, Curtains, Ladies' Underwear, Handkerchiefs, all best makes of Corsets in colors and white; Gloves for Men, Ladies and Children. Gloves in Leather, Kid and Wool. Carpets, Oil Cloths, Matting, etc.

FREE—With every purchase you get a coupon. When you have \$5.00 worth of coupon tickets you get free a large, handsome glass-framed picture.

Call and see with your own eyes and you will acknowledge that we are the people's friends. Come once and you will come back again—they all do—because we give our customers honest goods at honest prices.

SPECIAL MENTION

B. B. & Co.'s fine Tailor-Made Men's Suits and Pants.
The Celebrated Mrs. Jane Hopkins' make 'n Boys' and Children's Suits and Pants.
The Famous Monarch White and Fancy Men's Shirts.
Stetson Hats, Black and Brown Stiff Hats.
Rice & Hutchins' best quality and make in Shoes and Boots.
Twin Bros. Custom Made Ladies' Misses' and Children's Shoes guaranteed to give satisfaction.
TAILORING DEPARTMENT.—Just received: New Fall Piece Goods. We make Suits to order—guarantee perfect fit—Suits \$10 up; Pants, \$3 up. Call and leave your measure.



TWIN BROTHERS, BOURBON'S BIGGEST BARGAIN BRINGERS, 701-703 MAIN ST., PARIS, KY

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

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